

TED WILLIAMS Part 2

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JUNE 17, 1968

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Test Price a Chrysler

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Next week

THE U.S. OPEN at Oak Hill promises to be a battle between the established stars and the contingent of relative newcomers who have done so well this year. Don Jenkins reports.

THREE BIG WEEKS of track and field, culminating in the quadrennial Olympic trials at the end of June, begin with the National Collegiate championships at Berkeley, Calif.

THE CHEEKY ABORIGINE from Australia, boxer Lionel Rose, stirs a continent by winning the world bantamweight championship. William Johnson reports on a visit to the bush.

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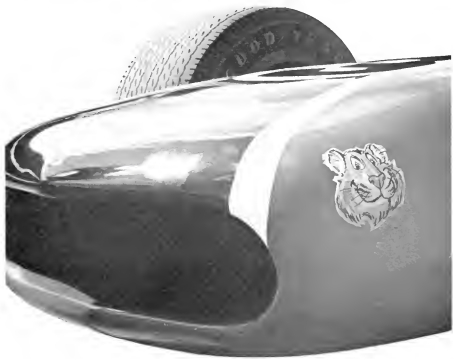
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SCORECARD

REEXAMINATION

The murder of Senator Kennedy is leading to an intense reexamination of our society, of which sport is an important segment. It gives form and substance, generally for the better, to much in American life, and there is no reason why it should escape scrutiny.

Young people are the most vocal as their dissatisfaction with the times. If sport should provide youth with ideals, and the late Senator believed that it certainly should—flagrant materialism must not be allowed to dominate it. Last week the British soccer star, Danny Blanchflower, called sport "a wonderfully democratic thing, one of the few honorable battlefields left" (SI, June 10), but he also said commercialism was diverting the world's most popular game.

Elsewhere, is there reason to believe that some of the ills plaguing urban America have come from destruction of the natural environment? Have countless Americans become alienated from the real, living world by misdirected technological "progress"? These are questions that have been, and will continue to be, of deep concern to this magazine.

But grimmest and most urgent of the issues is the racial crisis that racks the nation and is believed by many to be at the root of the violence that is causing so much grief and shame. Sport was one of the very first areas of society to offer the American Negro recognition, respect and economic advantage. But are Negroes treated with more fairness in sport than in society at large? Have the achievements of Negro athletes been beneficial to Negroes as a whole? Have sports drawn the races together, or have they made Negroes feel exploited? These and related questions will be answered next month in this magazine in a thorough and startling—survey.

GET BUSY

The Kentucky State Racing Commission was supposed to start open hearings this week on the Derby drugging of Dan-

iel's Image. Now the Franklin Circuit Court has ordered a delay, and the hearings may not start until mid-July. Without wishing to interfere with the legal rights of any party to this case, we feel impelled to reiterate that the state of Kentucky is under an overwhelming obligation to the racing public to determine promptly just what did happen. If hearings are to be delayed and delayed the impression will grow that this Derby scandal is being swept under the rug. As one member of the able Kentucky State Racing Commission says, "the situation, as it stands now, is intolerable. The longer this goes on the worse it is for racing."

THE THREE-YEAR ITCH

If all goes as Wilt Chamberlain hopes, it is likely that he will play next year for a West Coast team—possibly the Lakers or, if not Los Angeles, then perhaps the Seattle SuperSonics. Chamberlain wants to leave Philadelphia, and as early as March 1967 he used an intermediary to inform Owner Jack Kent Cooke that he was interested in coming to Los Angeles. Wilt's family lives there, and it is a close-knit group, made even closer, perhaps, because Wilt's father has been recuperating from a serious illness. Chamberlain wants to play on the Coast so badly that he might threaten to open negotiations with the L.A. Stars of the ABA if the 76ers cannot make a good deal for him. He has long claimed his contract has no reserve clause in it.

A close contact of Wilt's maintains that the \$200,000-plus superstar has been personally in touch with Cooke. The owner emphatically denies this, but he does say he sees no reason why Wilt, Elgin Baylor and Jerry West could not all work together on the same team. In any case, Cooke is "unequivocal" in declaring that neither West nor Baylor will ever be traded from the Lakers. Therefore, if either the Lakers or Seattle gets Wilt, the 76ers must settle for lesser players and draft choices in return.

The 76ers may say: Fine. For the first time team officials have shown some dissatisfaction with their sensitive star Owner Irv Kosloff, a shy and unobtrusive man, acknowledged that he was hurt when Wilt charged he extended negotiations "because it puts his name in the paper." General Manager Jack Ramsay, admitting overtures have been made toward Wilt, says the team just cannot afford to pay him any more money.

It is an old truth that Chamberlain is always worth more to everyone, himself included, if he does not stay too long in the same place. Three years per team has been his history—three years at Kansas, three years with the Philadelphia Warriors, the San Francisco Warriors, the 76ers. Three years is up again, and Wilt appears on the move.

SNAKES ALIVE

Taking his work home has made life on the farm easier for Joe Prievé of Wellborn, Texas. Prievé is the groundskeeper of the student golf course at Texas A&M,



and the old, worn-out balls he picks up there are put to work on his farm keeping snakes from eating up chicken eggs. Snakes love eggs. They gulp them whole and crush them internally. Prievé sets out clutches of old golf balls around the farm, and the snake that mistakes them for eggs dies of indigestion. "One ball will usually get them," Prievé says, "but we opened a six-foot chicken snake and found four golf balls in him."

A recent report had it that Prievé planted balls on the A&M course to which rattlesnakes fell victim. He de-

continued

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SCORECARD

nies this, saying, "In the first place, rattlers are pretty rare in this part of the state. In the second place, if we laid out golf balls, A&M students would steal them before the rattlers did."

SOUND REASONING

The finest American gymnast of all time Makoto Sakamoto of Southern Cal, has decided to skip the Olympics in Mexico City this October. Sakamoto, who was born in Japan and came to the U.S. when he was 8, says his decision is not, "absolutely not," political. Instead, he says his reasons for passing up the 1968 Olympics are twofold. For one, he does not believe he is good enough to win. "I don't have a chance," he says. "Maybe if I was 100% perfect and had all the luck, maybe at best I could win a bronze medal. Probably sixth would be more like it." For another, Sakamoto is scheduled to go to Waseda University in Japan this September as an exchange student, and he figures—rightly so—that a year of competing against the Japanese, the best gymnasts anywhere, will help him reach genuine world ranking. "I don't want to be just another American gymnast," he says. "I want to be world class. I had to make a choice—go to the Olympics and remain a mediocre gymnast or go to Japan to become a superior one."

Now 21, Sakamoto figures he will reach his peak at 25, which would make the 1972 Olympics in Munich just right. Sakamoto is no spoiled athlete with a cushy job. This summer he is clerking in a hardware store from 7 a.m. to 5 p.m., and afterward he works out in the gym until 10. He will have to pay his own expenses, including travel and tuition, to attend Waseda, but he thinks the year there will be worth it. Yet Sakamoto is a somewhat angry young man. He says that several American Olympic and AAU officials have told him that if he goes to Waseda instead of Mexico City, he can forget about competing when he returns. "I want my individual freedom," Sakamoto says. "I will fight for my ideal of becoming a truly great gymnast."

A FIX FOR STICKS

Lacrosse enthusiasts like to boast that theirs is the fastest-growing sport around. But last week the lacrosse boom came to a sizzling stop—the factory that makes 97% of the lacrosse sticks in the

continued



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SCORECARD *continued*

world burned down. Until the fire, the Chisholm Lacrosse Manufacturing Company near Cornwall, Ont. had been doing a rush business, with production this year slated for a record 72,000 sticks, 22,000 more than last year.

Not everyone can make lacrosse sticks, which retail at from \$5 to \$17.50. The Chisholm company's 75 employees are all Mohawk Indians, mostly descendants of stickmakers. The sticks are made from select hickory, so select indeed that Colin Chisholm, the company founder, traveled 15,000 miles a year looking over wood. Back at the factory, the Mohawks set to with electric drills and sanders, but even with such modern gadgets it still took a year to cure and bend the sticks in proper fashion.

There was a stick shortage before the fire. In Canada an estimated 25,000 youngsters took up lacrosse this spring, and many had been playing without sticks of their own. Unless the plant can get back into production soon—a highly unlikely event since it was uninsured—there will be a shortage of 3,000 to 4,000 sticks just in Ontario alone. Earlier this year a Canadian sent a stick to Japan with the hope that manufacturers there would come up with a plastic or fiber-glass substitute. So far nothing has come of this but, after all, the enterprising Japanese are famous for their sticktoitiveness. Lots of rock, racrosse.

THERE GOES THE JUDGE

Dallas and Fort Worth residents are raising hell about Judge Roy Hofheinz, owner of the Houston Astros. They accuse the judge of having blocked the award of a National League franchise to Dallas-Fort Worth because he doesn't want any competition in Texas.

Phone calls and letters to the newspapers have been fierce. Wrote one reader to *The Dallas Times Herald*, "A louse that will turn down his home state for a foreign country is not deserving of the people of north Texas. I hope he gets a lot of compassion from the people of Montreal." Another reader promised Hofheinz: "Two million Texans won't soon forget your actions." When a Fort Worth TV station carried a Houston-St. Louis game instead of a scheduled Boston-Detroit game, which was delayed by rain, 60 viewers called to complain within the first few minutes.

At Turnpike Stadium, the public-address announcer for the Dallas-Fort

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SCORECARD continued

Worth Spurs in the Texas League gives all scores, except Houston's. Toppo the Clown, a Dallas entertainer, is circulating petitions calling for a boycott of the Hofheinz entertainment empire, including the \$16 million Astroworld. *The Dallas Times Herald* ran a dart-board caricature of Hofheinz, and a note to the side read, "Coming soon, a Judge Roy effigy doll."

SUPERHORSE

Trying to beat the horses can be a heart-pounding game, and so, perhaps fittingly, cardiovascular fitness specialist Eric Banister, a professor at Simon Fraser University in British Columbia, thinks he has the system. He is checking the heartbeats of a couple of Thoroughbreds and a rodeo horse while they walk, trot and gallop in a test paddock.

According to the professor the physiology of man and horse is similar. If it is possible to determine when a human runner is at a peak by checking his heart-beat, well, the same thing should apply to a horse. In an effort to produce winners, Professor Banister reasons, horse trainers may have relied too much on bloodlines and not concentrated enough on rigorous training. "I question whether we have really explored the full potential of the horse," he says. "I want to find out what happens when you take a racehorse and train it hard as we do today's leading athletes." Thus the professor is toying with the idea of getting a horse to run 100 miles a week in training, as top human runners do, instead of the average 12 miles. In short, he would like to train superhorses, which should, in theory at least, "make existing track records abysmally high."

Ideally, Professor Banister would like to experiment with twin foals, one to be raced after conventional training, the other after the Banister method. "All I need is some millionaire to decide to spend a little on scientific research," he says. "People say, what do I know about it? And they're right. I'm just a neophyte, an outsider, but all I'm trying to do is take a fresh look."

THEY SAID IT

• Steve Stonebreaker, New Orleans Saints' linebacker, on how the Houston Oilers can defeat the Dallas Cowboys in their pre-season game in the Astrodome: "Simply turn up the air conditioning to 13° below."

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CHAMPS GALORE



The word we use in our business is resurgence," says Harry Markson, who is managing director of boxing for Madison Square Garden. "It's a nice-sounding word," Mrs. Aileen Eaton, the promoter for the Olympic in Los Angeles, prefers "renaissance," which, admittedly, has a nice sound, too. In short, there's a boxing boom. For example, last October in Mexico City 90,000 watched the bill on which Manuel Ramos beat Ernie Terrell. "Which is a lot of people even if you close your eyes," says Angelo Dundee. In March the Garden set an indoor-record gate of \$685,503 for the doubleheader in which Buster Mathis was knocked out by Joe Frazier, who as a result was somewhat capriciously recognized by New York, Illinois, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Maine as the world heavyweight champion. And in April the largest "live" audience in the history of boxing—more than 120 million—saw Jimmy Ellis outpoint Jerry Quarry to become the heavyweight champion of the world in the nations, states and cities that belong to the World Boxing Association. This, by the way, was the final bout of an elimination tournament that Teddy Brenner, the Garden matchmaker, has characterized as "a complete success in that it successfully eliminated all the fighters."

Then the boom, which to a great measure was stimulated by efforts to find a successor to Muhammad Ali, nearly became a bust. Although everyone assumed that the two pretenders, Frazier and Ellis, would meet to determine who was really the champ, nothing of the sort took place. Ellis went back to his old Kentucky home, and Manager Angelo Dundee said that Ellis might just shoot a little pool, bowl, fish for cat and perch and lend his tenor to The Riverview Spiritual Singers of Louisville until some new contenders were developed.

Champ Jimmy Ellis adds a tenor to his group of spiritual singers while awaiting action.

New York has one, California has one and the universal state of Ali recognizes only its own. Angels (Ali) live, in a way, has two. Now a movement has begun to settle matters **by GILBERT ROGIN and MORTON SHARNIK**

Meanwhile, Frazer agreed to fight Ramos in the Garden on June 24. Ramos, who is 6'3" is the Mexican heavyweight champion more to the point, he is really the only Mexican heavyweight. He is reputedly fast, well schooled and has a good punch, and he has beaten Eddie Machen as well as Terrell, he also once went eight straight fights without a win. Against Frazer, however, Ramos is deservedly a 4-to-1 underdog, and as Markson ruefully observed last week, "I wish he was Mexican-Jewish."

More confounding were the rumors about Ali. "All over L.A. people are talking about Ali fighting again," says Heavyweight Charles Powell. "In the gym's guys are whispering, 'Ali's coming back, Ali's coming back.' I asked one guy what the hell was he whispering about and he didn't know. That cat Ali drives everybody crazy."

The rumor has it that Ali will fight Bob Foster, the new light heavyweight champion, in Salt Lake City. Another had Ali going 10 rounds apiece with Mathis and Quarry on the same night also in Salt Lake. This extravaganza pie suitably fell through when Quarry 1) went hunting, as was gashed in the fore head by the recoil of his rifle and he got a poison-oak rash, and 2) went swimming off Newport Beach, Calif., where at he got caught in a rip tide and was swept 300 yards to sea; and he went under twice before being rescued by a surfer. However, according to one Aliologist, the proposed bouts were merely another Ali put-on. "Ali's just promoting himself," he said. Indeed, last month Ali had his best take on the lecture circuit—an estimated \$30,000.

But there have been attempts to make an Ali fight. Henry Winston, an Oakland soul brother who owns an ambulance service, has been trying for the

past eight months. Winston got close to the mountaintop," is the way Chauncey Eskridge, Ali's attorney, admiringly puts it. "Ali doesn't sit around and think about fighting," he says, "but if there was some economic advantage he'd like to fight again. There are a bunch of ordinary fight states where he could be licensed, but the promoters feel they'd be doing him a favor. They must be taking a straight percentage."

The reason Salt Lake keeps getting a call in these rumors is that the Utah commission acquiesced to the Ali-Eskridge Patterson rematch, which was switched to three other states before it never came off. But, as Eskridge implied, there's no way Ali is going to fight in Utah. 40% of a live gate in Salt Lake wouldn't

pay the bills at Ali's kosher bunch.

As a matter of fact, a promoter had Ali-Eduardo Corleto made, but the fight fell through when Herbert Muhammad, Ali's manager, balked at 40% and a two-fight contract. Corleto, who is rated second by the WBA and seventh by *The Ring*, is an Argentine who resides in Rome and frequently fights in London. His high ranking is rather mystifying, as his most notable win was over George Chivasso, who has had many notable losses, and Corleto was once knocked out five by Raymond Patterson, Floyd's half brother, who now works in a hilling station in Svedalen (pop. 5,075), Sweden. Says London Promoter Jack Selwyns: "Corleto's a powder-puff puncher who has to struggle to beat

ROGIN &



Champ Joe Frazier uses homemade tackle to open 1974's new camp when training for Ramos



Angelo Dundee (left) with boxing promoter Al Haymon (center) and boxing promoter Archie (right)

fighters who are not even ranked. With Carleton in the ring you can go to the toilet and when you come back everything will be just as it was when you left.

Says yet another promoter, "The truth is if Ali wanted to fight, he'd take him-hall to do so." But often of late Ali has said he was too involved with the bigger fight—freeing 22½ million blacks—and the likelihood is he is done with boxing. Shortly after his title was taken from him, Ali said he'd come back to bug the game, and so he has. There I'll be, wearing a sheet," he said, "and whispering 'A-lie-e-e-e-e, A-lie-e-e-e-e I'll be the ghost that haunts boxing and people will say Ali is the real champ and anyone else is a fake."

And, in the best of all possible worlds he would be champ. The heavyweight championship is, in a sense, an anachronism, a relic, what the late Joe Frazier termed a "lying on of hands," in that in most instances the current champion defeated his predecessor, who in turn defeated his, and so forth—or so back. When a champion voluntarily retired as in the cases of Joe Frazier and Rocky

Marciano, he sanctioned the tournament to discover his successor, so that the descent remained unbroken. However, Ali hasn't blessed either Frazier or Ellis—in Waban (Fogboat) Thomas, for that matter—as his legitimate heir.

Be that as it may, the rumors of Ali's comeback are growing fainter and are being drowned by the noisy preparations for battle. Last week Angelo Dundee called Ellis and told him of an offer of a \$125,000 guarantee against 40% of the gate to fight Floyd Patterson on August 10 in Stockholm, which Ellis some what reluctantly accepted. "I had hoped to stay home and catch up with my family," he said. But Angelo says when we go I was living in the words when he took me and married me to the rule so he knows his job.

The Patterson fight will be the start of something big—the inevitable confrontation with Frazier. "That will be a big one," says Dundee, "but best we have to steam it up. We have to set up controversy, make the fans choose sides. It has to be boiling before we jump in."

What Dundee is really saying is that

Ellis has to make his best bet before the public will jump on him. "I won the title, but I didn't excite the fans," Ellis says bitterly. "That's what some writers say. They say me for not being exciting. People say 'James, why didn't you go get Quarry when he was on the ropes?' Well maybe I should have and maybe I could have, but maybe if I had I wouldn't have come home with the title."

Cus D'Amato has said, "A fighter's image is often an illusion. It's not dishonest, that's the business. It's the color, the glamour of the guy that brings in the customers. Ellis needs two fights in which he can appear dynamic."

Says Ellis, "I won my title by beating everyone in front of me, all top rated fighters. Oscar Bonavena, who knocked Frazier down twice, Leotis Martin, who I rather ran from, and Joe Quarry, a guy Joe Frazier is still not anxious to meet. How did Frazier get his championship? By reaching down and picking out fighters ranked 43 and 45 [Chuvako and Mathus] fighters so far down he had to find them with a microscope."

But more makes up the illusion of a fighter than whom he fought. Beginnings, style and record contribute too. Frazier became a star in 1964 when he won the Olympic title, and this image was nurtured by the careful handling of Cloverly, the corporation of 581 shareholders that manages him. He is undefeated as a professional and fights with an indomitable, straight-ahead, relentless style which, in its own way, is reminiscent of vintage Fiston. Sonny, incidentally, will fight Henry Clark at the Cow Palace in San Francisco on July 6 and a convincing victory would put him back in contention.

Ellis, as he says, came out of the weeds. Four years ago he was a broke middleweight with five losses. Next he became Alex Sparring Partner. Although he is undefeated as a heavyweight and is an exceptionally able fighter, he hasn't thrown off his lackluster antecedents and he realizes that he must lack Frazier to earn the public's adoration.

First, he would have to prove himself against a desperate Patterson getting another of his last chances at the prize. Floyd would also be fighting in what he calls "his place." He has had three bouts in Sweden without a loss and is regarded as something of a national hero. Ellis, with his sneak right



Aggrieved-prone Quarry releases with Ellis

hands, would have a good foil in Patterson, who can be knocked down in the early rounds. Ellis also prefers an opponent such as Patterson who would carry the fight to him and provide him with an opportunity to counter, which he does so well. However, Patterson still has a good left hook, and if the fight went the distance, his pressing tactics would test Ellis' stamina.

It is likely that the Frazier-Ellis fight will occur early next year and will be promoted either by the Garden or by Sports Action, Inc. or even by both. Sports Action, which put together the WBA's tournament, is the successor to the more brandy Man Bout, Inc. which promoted several of Ali's last bouts. The outfits are similar except, as Bob Arum, secretary of both, explains, "Sports Action's lighter." By that he means it has only one Negro officer, Jimmy Brown (arrested on an assault charge early this week), while Man Bout had three—Brown, Herbert Muhammad and John Ali, the Black Muslims' national secretary.

Sports Action feels confident it will land the fight, and it already has a date and site, namely, January 13, 1969 (about the same date the Garden has in mind) and the Astrodome—Judge Roy Hofheinz's son is Sports Action's executive vice-president. The reason January 13 was selected is that the National Home Builders' convention is in Houston at that time, and Mike Malitz, Sports Action's president, claims there is a guarantee of sorts from the Home Builders to purchase 10,000 seats for \$350,000. Malitz further asserts that Sports Action has two advantages over the Garden in obtaining the match: it has a

contract with Ellis, which enables it to designate the local promoter and site for his first title fight, with the right to waive this privilege for such lesser defenses as Ellis-Patterson, and it has an exclusive on the ancillary rights to all Ellis fights through 1969. Secondly, Malitz contends that if Sports Action has to bid with the Garden for the match, it will be no contest. "On the right date, the Dome in any kind of bidding war will beat anyone," he says.

The Garden's strong point is that it has the power base—the building, the organization and the boxing community to assure big gates for big fights, while Sports Action has to go outside New York, where gates cannot be taken for granted.

Money will surely be the major factor in making this match. "The time for glory is past," says Ellis. "Now I'm fighting for money. Money is what boxing's all about, and if Frazier wants more money than me then he don't want to fight. I don't care what they give him, but it ain't going to be 50-50."

To which Yancy Durham replies,

"Joe's the champ. He'd be the one who would put people in the place, so we'd have to get the big money. If Angelo thinks different then maybe we won't fight. We don't need Ellis. We can make money with any fighter, and Ellis can't draw flies."

Another obstacle is who gets top billing. But, as Dundee says, "Money, big money, will knock over all obstacles. When you talk Frazier-Ellis, I dream of 10 figures."

Whether those are the figures young Hoffheinz dreams of is something else, as is whether he could, in truth, outbid the Garden. Perhaps the solution is for Sports Action and the Garden to get together. "We're two camps," Malitz said last week, "but we're certainly not armed camps. We can do business with the Garden. The question is, can they do business with us?" If they can, gentlemen, you may be interested to learn that Jimmie (The Greek) Snyder has already made a line—2 to 1 Frazier. You can also lay 1,000 to 1 that Robert Goulet won't be called upon to sing *The Sun-Spangled Banner*. **END**

Preparing for outburst role with Frazier, undisputed Ramon whips accuracy of the speed bag



THE SEASON OF THE ZERO HERO

A hitting crisis has set in as big-league pitchers, led by the Dodgers' frugal Don Drysdale, have become veritable Ebenezer Scoogers. Even baseball owners fear that the game is in danger of becoming a bore **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

Baseball's vast, confusing and often hilarious new pitching problem—the nonspitball—broke wide open last Saturday night at Dodger Stadium in Los Angeles as Don Drysdale chased history and caught it—and hell!—in one of the zaniest and most controversial games played in the major leagues in many a season. Drysdale, the tall, handsome righthander who has averaged 40 games a season for the past 11 years, walked to the brick-red mound in Chavez Ravine needing only two and a third innings of shutout baseball to surpass the major league record for consecutive scoreless innings set by Walter Johnson back in 1913. Earlier in the week he had already set the record for scoreless games when he pitched his sixth straight shutout (see cover). When Drysdale surpassed Johnson, however, he was tested for nearly everything from Butanolidin to housemaid's knee.

It might have made more sense to test the batters, not because they were hopped up but because they were so depressed. Drysdale's fine performance brought special emphasis to the fact that pitching is dominating baseball as never before. Historians, in fact, will prob-

ably refer to 1968 as the season of the zero hero. With two-thirds of the year yet to be played, there already have been 123 shutouts thrown in the majors. Two years ago there were 246 shutouts during the entire season. Of all games played, 55% have resulted in one team or the other scoring a single run or less and at the end of last week only Frank Howard, Carl Yastrzemski and Rick Monday were hitting over .300 in the American League.

It was not the plight of the batters, of course, that concerned Donald Scott Drysdale as he faced Philadelphia in the cool of the evening Saturday. He had spent a good part of the week looking around his ranch in Hidden Hills for his lost, three-month-old boxer, Shutout. The citizens of Los Angeles had spent as much of the week listening to publicity about the goose-egg variety of shutout, and it was this that caused 55,000 of them to show up at Dodger Stadium. Long before the last car got close to the parking lots, word went out for people to stay away, but one of those who did not was a retired, left-handed pitcher named Sandy Koufax. He slid into a Dodger jacket and stationed him-

self in the runway leading to the team dugout so that he could both watch and cheer for the man he had overshadowed during many of the Dodgers' finer days.

Twelve minutes before game time Drysdale walked out of the dugout to start warming up. The sight of the big number 53 on his back brought the huge crowd to its feet. When he started his slow walk to the mound to begin the game the crowd rose again.

If Drysdale was going to get the record, however, the Philadelphia Phillies were not about to make it easy for him. Larry Jackson, Philadelphia's starting pitcher, had won only 10 fewer games in the National League than Drysdale, and nobody now active had beaten the Dodgers more times (27). Manager Gene Mauch pushed six left-handed hitters into his lineup, and he himself was going to coach third base. Mauch would never be mistaken for a quiet coach.

The thing that had marked Drysdale's previous 54 shutout innings was excellent control. During that period he had walked only nine men. But with the first batter that he faced, his control seemed poor. He threw two balls to Cookie Rojas before getting him out. His next four

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MICHAEL RABUS



Baseball is rife with specious explanations of the hitting fiasco, namely (from left), the grass is longer, parents dominate the Little Leaguers,

pitches walked Johnny Briggs, and Drysdale scratched his spikes over the pitching mound in disgust. It looked like he didn't have it. Tony Gonzalez, Philadelphia's third batter, lashed a ground ball that appeared certain to scoot through the hard infield, but suddenly Shortstop Zoilo Versalles made a spectacular pickup and spun in midair to force Briggs at second base. Drysdale got Johnny Callison on a fly to center to end the inning and once again the crowd applauded—only this time there were a lot of sighs mixed with the cheers. In the next inning, his 56th, Drysdale got a tremendous break when a sure double dropped foul by inches in left field, but nothing else happened.

The first man Drysdale faced in the third inning was Roberto Pena, a small shortstop. Pena tried to bunt and fouled the pitch off but eventually Drysdale induced him to hit an easy ground ball to third base. The big crowd exploded and Drysdale turned his back, folded his arms across his chest and looked out toward center field for 20 seconds. The record was now his. He turned to work to Jackson, and Jackson raised his hand in a virtually unseen wave of salute to Drysdale, who acknowledged it by holding his palm open toward Jackson. Two pitches later Jackson singled, but Drysdale struck out the next two hitters and the crowd was wild. Only this time Drysdale's triumphant march was halted by Plate Umpire Augie Donatelli. Off came Drysdale's cap after a brief exchange of words. Donatelli rubbed his hand

through Drysdale's hair, then over his forehead, then into the cap. Mauch, an off-season golfing partner of Drysdale's, had insisted that he was putting grease or Vaseline on the ball—a charge that Giant Manager Herman Franks also had made recently.

According to Donatelli, "Mauch started to complain and said, 'He's putting grease on the ball.' I asked him where he was getting it from and Mauch said, 'The back of his head.' I went to Drysdale and said, 'Don, do you have Vaseline on the back of your head?' He said, 'What do you mean?' I said, 'You know the rule, and if you touch the back of your head again I'm going to have to fine you.' Don said, 'Augie, I'm sweating like hell out here. That isn't Vaseline; that's sweat. Just tell me what the hell I can't do.' When Drysdale first came up to the majors he was no bargain, but he changed and we umpires appreciate that. He could have punched me in the mouth when I started to inspect him."

When Drysdale went out to pitch the top of the fourth inning Donatelli walked to the mound and tugged at the bill of Drysdale's cap, obviously looking for something besides the first signs of dandruff. Unruffled, Drysdale pitched his best inning in the fourth. It was the fifth that was his undoing and the end of the shutout strung at 58½ innings. He gave up two singles with nobody out to put runners at first and third. Pinch hitter Howe Bedell, called up only the week before from Reading where

he was serving as player-coach, worked the count to 3 and 2 and then fouled a pitch off to the left. Len Gabrielson, the Los Angeles leftfielder, moved over closer to the left-field line, and on the next pitch Bedell hit a fly ball to medium left center. Gabrielson made an excellent catch, but he was running away from the play. He threw home with all the force he could get on the ball and tumbled head over heels on the grass. The throw came in high and not at full strength, and Tony Taylor slid over the plate with the run that finally was marked against Drysdale.

Two innings later Drysdale was knocked out, and he came up the ramp from the dugout an exhausted man. "Everybody has been great to me," he said while standing by his dressing cubicle. "The guys made impossible plays behind me, and the fans were great to me. All good things have to come to an end and I knew it. I guess when I got by the record I looked out toward center field and said to myself, 'Thank God I got it.' If anybody breaks the streak, what the hell—it's mine he will be breaking. No, Mauch didn't bother me. I just ran out. It may take me five years to realize what I've done when I can sit down alone and think about it somewhere."

For all the brilliance of Drysdale's performance, his dominance and that of numerous other pitchers have baseball people seriously worried, as well they should be. Of the 545 games played so far this year, 264 of them have resulted in five-hitters or less, and that is not

continued



the newest parks are more spacious, the gloves are bigger, the pitchers are meaner. One plausible reason (right): pitchers are paying attention

much action. There is not a baseball man worth his weight in clichés who does not try to explain this trend away by saying, "These things tend to run in cycles." The hitting cycle, however, seems to have been out to lunch for too many years and an endless string of shut-outs and low-hit games can get to be terribly boring. It is, in fact, terribly boring right now.

Everyone has read all the reasons or demerits: 1) the hitters will hit when the weather gets warmer, 2) the big new ball parks are made for the pitchers, 3) the equipment is better today and what used to be hits are now stuffed into gloves about the size of one calf's hide, 4) the grass is too deep in every park save at the Astrodome, where very few people not named Rusty Staub or Jim Wynn seem to bat at all; 5) parents are intimidating their Little League children, and 6) pitchers are intimidating the batters with beanballs.

The truth is that virtually every organization in baseball has concentrated on pitching and defense more than any other aspect of the game. Today a team with excellent pitching almost seems able to be in every game without ever coming to bat. There is no stronger example of that than this year's Cleveland Indians, a second-place club with a team batting average of .246. The Indians, with Sam McDowell, Luis Tiant, Sonny Siebert, Steve Hargan, Stan Williams and some guys named Jose, are proving again what the Los Angeles Dodgers proved for years—the game is now almost all defense. And, unless baseball takes some legislative action, this trend is almost certain to continue.

Rod Dedeau, for 22 years the head baseball coach at the University of Southern California and a man who has seen nearly 100 of his players make it to the majors, has examined the situation carefully. "Pitching today," he says, "is the easiest thing of all to coach. Although there are more kids playing baseball than ever before, the ones you see with greatness written on them are pitchers. In the Los Angeles metropolitan area, for instance, I don't think in the last several years you could name over three or four hitters in all the 600-odd high schools around here, but you could probably name two dozen pitchers. The big new ball parks in the majors are also a factor. When a player hits a ball a long way for big outs the psy-

chological effect is devastating. On the other hand, it bolsters the pitcher."

In today's age of specialization the hitter is at a disadvantage because relief pitchers pour in and out of games so that he never really gets a chance to look at one pitcher long enough to get his timing down. George Sisler, the very astute president of the International League, says, "I believe the lack of hitting in the majors is the result of a combination of factors. One, athletes grow up in highly organized Little Leagues where they don't get to play enough. They play only in organized games and in practices. They don't get to bat often enough. They don't bat enough on their own to develop properly. Two, the way baseball is set up today, with the increased homages and all, the emphasis is on getting to the major leagues too quickly. The result is a lack of time to develop talent in the minor leagues. Any time a player shows anything in the minors, he's brought up immediately. No time to develop his hitting. A player is constantly in leagues over his head as far as hitting is concerned."

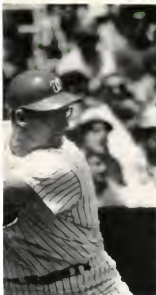
Dick Groat, who retired last year after a fine career as a hitter, sees the subject in a different light. "When I came up," Groat says, "you looked at two good pitchers and two so-so's you could pick your batting average up on. You can't do this today. Look at the New York Mets. They may be down in the standings but they have four good young arms that make it tough on everybody."

Currently baseball is looking into several ideas that are being proposed to return hitting to the game. One is pushing the mound back, another is lowering the height of the mound (Jim Fregosi of the California Angels has suggested that pitchers be made to pitch up out of holes in the ground.) Some people advocate the use of the wild-card pinch hitter who can be used two or three times during the game, but there are not many pinch hitters these days who seem to bat over .200.

With all the talk of a hitting famine this season, an umpire's sudden passion for search and destroy missions comes as a fascinating diversion. But even if a little frisking can be fun, it is no substitute for base hits and the fielding plays that go with them. Mr. Augie Donatelli—or somebody—is going to have to find another way to liven things up. Maybe Fregosi has a point.



FOUR THE PITCHERS CAN'T SQUELCH



Big Frank Howard is having the year of his life at bat.

While pitching dominated play in both leagues, four men were still batting with the sort of thinking man's aggressiveness that made a 400 hitter of Ted Williams (page 30). The best of these in all-round production and—by past performance—the most unlikely is Frank Howard of Washington. The massive 6' 7", 260-pound slugger, who has always been strong enough to belt the longest of homers but only this year learned enough bat control to hit the pitchers' best tones, got 15 homers in May and now has a total of 22 to go with the 47 runs he has batted in and a .342 average. The Oakland Athletics, who have seven pitchers with earned run averages under 2.97, say that Howard no longer bites at bad balls and, in an emergency, will even wait for a walk. Should he remain as abstemious through the rest of the season, Howard could take the triple crown.

But beginning to crowd Howard in the American League is Boston's Carl Yastrzemski, last year's triple crown winner who this season got off to a miserable start before he stopped trying to pull the ball for homers and settled for base hits up the middle. A student of hitting, who often in the past went to Williams for help when he was in a deep slump, Yast

jumped his average 168 points over the last month after carefully studying video tapes of his '67 form and taking hours of postgame hitting practice.

For pure consistency, there is no one in the major leagues right now to rival Cincinnati's Pete Rose (51, May 27). Though no long-ball hitter, the Reds' hustling outfielder has displayed a remarkable flair for getting at least one hit in almost every game he plays. He uses a tightly controlled swing to chop, line, Noop and occasionally clout his hits to all fields. This year he has had consecutive game-hitting streaks of 22 and 14 and has failed to hit safely in only five of the Reds' 52 games. He leads the majors in average (.356), hits (80) and runs (41).

For some time now Curt Flood has ranked as one of baseball's very best hitters but has gone almost unnoticed as more famous Cardinals won the headlines. Yet, by a simple combination of unpretentious, line-drive spray hitting and exceptional speed that stretches outs into singles, he has quietly batted over .300 in five of the past seven seasons. His disciplined style so far this year has resulted in a .333 average, 78 hits and 35 runs.



Carl Yastrzemski studied his '67 form.



Curt Flood sprays his hits astride the cuts.

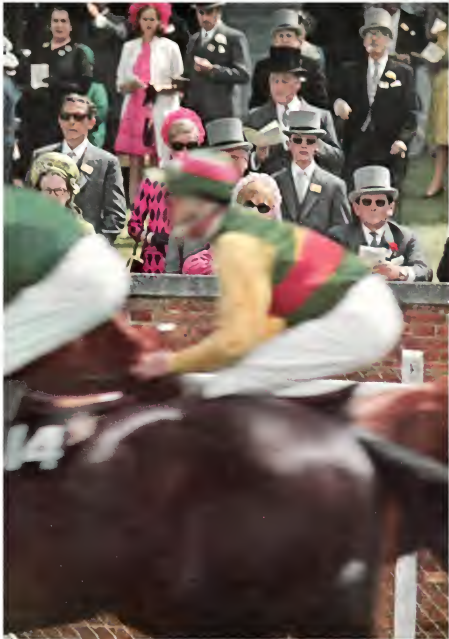


Pete Rose has been the most consistent hitter.

Ascot was a royal idea from the start. Today, England's famous racecourse refers to only one four-day meeting, in mid-June, as "Royal Ascot," because that is when the royal family traditionally attends, but its connections with the crown go back to 1711. In the spring of that year Queen Anne rode out in her carriage from Windsor Castle, observed the rolling beauty of the heathland about her and ordered the Duke of Somerset to map out a track. The first meeting was held in August, and Royal Ascot has thrived on a mixture of blue bloods, high and low fashion and genuine racing enthusiasm ever since (following pages). To be in that area of the stands surrounding the Royal Box and known as the Royal Enclosure (right) is to have climbed to the peak of the social season. Only about 8,000 badges granting admission to the Enclosure are issued, formal dress, previously required, was made optional just this year. Betting during Royal Ascot is usually three times that of a regular meeting, though only the volume increases, not the size of the wagers. "In fact," says one betting agency official, "it is quite a sight to see the long line of top hats at the four-box windows."

Royal Is The Word for Ascot

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COOM





In the VIP parking lot across the road from the racetrack, picnicking is high style. The tailgate belongs to a Rolls or a Bentley, well-aged Scotch and champagne are the drinks and liveried footmen are brought along to serve.



Ascot is a splendid place to be seen as well as to see. Ladies with outlandish hats are sure of an appreciative audience, and groups of young mods come up from London and stand around expectantly, hoping a photographer will pass.



Pomp Has Its Rival in Racing

An hour's glide by Rolls-Royce from London, today's Ascot, with its superb turf course, costs rather more than the £18 Queen Anne paid for posts and paint to mark the track in 1711. The cost of rebuilding the Royal Enclosure, in 1964, came to more than \$3 million. But the weather can be counted on to be as unaccommodating as it was in Anne's day. At least one and often all four racing days are held under a downpour. Even so, Ascot remains the place to be during mid-June, and anyone turned down for a hedge to the Enclosure slinks off to Paris or Glasgow, pleading urgent business. The fashion-proud still parade the latest and most extravagant attire, and a minor sensation of the reign of Queen Elizabeth II, as of Queen Anne's, is the presence of ladies in pants. The chroniclers of one of the first Ascot meetings, including Jonathan Swift, were shocked to observe that a certain Miss Forester, presumably well born, came dressed as a man. Last year an 18-year-old Indian girl named Bina Shrivastava was ushered firmly out of the Royal Enclosure because a pair of Bermuda-length bloomers were seen to extend well below the hem of her miniskirt. Miniskirt, yes; pants, no—though a couple of culotte suits slipped past before the attendants caught up with them. "No woman would wear trousers at a smart wedding," said Miss Anne Ainscough, secretary to Ascot's maître d'hôtel, Bernard Marmaduke Fitzalan-Howard, Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal and Her Majesty's Representative at the course.

Of course, not everyone comes to Ascot dressed for a wedding. Three-quarters of the daily crowd of 40,000 are just racing fans. And hardly obscured by the titles and top hats is the fact that some of the world's best horses are there to race. Ascot's premier event is the Gold Cup, traditionally held on the third day (Gold Cup Thursday), 2½ miles for 3-year-olds and up. It has long been a major international test.

The original cup, though stolen in 1907 and never recovered, has been contested

since 1807. In 1829 George IV paid 4,000 guineas for a horse named The Colonel solely in the hope that he had a Gold Cup winner. But The Colonel lost to Lord Chesterfield's Zinganez, so the king bought him. He entered Zinganez for the Gold Cup the following year, but on the day of the race George IV lay sick and dying. The Royal Box was closed, and a gloomy rain fell. A messenger stood by at the course to rush the report to the dying king, but it was scarcely good medicine. Zinganez ran last.

In 1936 William Woodward sent over his Triple Crown winner, Omaha, to challenge for the Gold Cup. Omaha started as an 11-to-8 favorite over the British-trained Quashed, and the two horses were locked together in front like a chariot team for the first two miles. They were still bit to bit coming out of the last bend, but in the stretch Quashed inched ahead and won by a short head. In 1949 shrewd planning by Lord Derby gave Britain another victory over an American favorite, Black Tarquin. Lord Derby entered three horses, using two as a pace-setting team in the hope of drawing Black Tarquin out to an over-fast pace and leaving the day to Alycidon, the star of his stable. It worked, Alycidon winning by five lengths.

Gold Cup entries now come from all over the world and there is some danger that the excellence of the racing may soon overshadow the pomp of the Royal Enclosure. Hard pressed as the pound itself and living under an austerity program, many Britons resent both the expense and the snobbery of the show. An applicant for an Enclosure hedge not long ago was turned down because he was on the board of a large bookmaking firm. He showed up anyway as a guest of the Queen. Last year Ascot reluctantly accepted applications for hedges on a per diem (\$9.60) basis. But this did not mean the hares were coming down. All applicants were at the mercy of the Duke of Norfolk, and his appraising eye was as jaundiced as ever.

GUYLIVE BROWN

Behind the new stands that comprise the Royal Enclosure, the elite of England mingle before the Queen and Prince Philip arrive and the racing begins. The royal entourage rides out from Windsor Castle in limousines but transfers near the course to open landaus drawn by four Windsor grays to make a suitably regal entrance.



by **TED WILLIAMS** with **JOHN UNDERWOOD**

SMOOTH AND STORMY SEASONS

In the heyday of his career, Boston's splendid slugger hit .406 and won numerous other titles. But all was not serene. The explosive Williams battled fans and the press, and, eventually, went off to World War II

Circumstances make a career—a man being at the right place at the right time with the right material. Circumstances can make a .400 hitter. Some years, for example, might be a little better than others for pitchers, almost imperceptibly better. Then the pitching might go down and the hitting creep up. In 1941 I hit .406 for the Boston Red Sox. No one had hit .400 in the major leagues for 11 years before that, not since Bill Terry. No one has hit .400 since, and I suppose you can find students of the game who say it will never happen again. But there were times when it could have happened. I could have done it myself in 1957. I came within six hits of .400 that year. What's six hits? I was 39 years old, aging and aching. There had to be among a season's collection of ground balls at least five leg hits for a younger Ted Williams. Certainly 1957 appeared to be a year for the batter. Stan Musial hit .351, and he was 36 years old. Mickey Mantle hit .365 that year, the best year of his life, and maybe that was his .400 season. Nobody has hit .365 in either league since then. A couple of years ago Frank Robinson won the batting championship with an average of .316.

In 1941 there were a lot of big-name pitchers in the American League: Lefty Gomez, Red Ruffing, Dutch Leonard, Bob Feller, Ted Lyons, Johnny Allen, Tommy Bridges, Boho Newsom, and they might have been at their best, but who is to say? Certainly there was some

great hitting done that year. Joe DiMaggio hit safely in 56 straight games. A guy you probably never heard of, Cecil Travis, had a hell of a year—.359—and never had another like it after that. It was one of those years. I think, surely, to hit .400 you have to be an outstanding hitter and everything has to go just right. And in my case the hitter was a guy who lived to hit, who worked at it so hard he matured at the bat at a time when he was near his peak physically. The peaks met.

It was a simple formula. Choose any of the noted hitters, and none of them hit any more balls, swung a bat in practice any more times than Theodore Samuel Williams. Now, you can be a great athlete, and you can go to sleep on the bench when you should be watching the pitcher. Pick your nose, scratch your head, and it all goes by, and you won't know enough about hitting until you're 28 or 29 years old, and then it'll probably be too late.

Nobody has it all. A guy's got good looks, he might weigh only 120 pounds. Or he's got a brilliant mind and had breath. I don't know what limitations there have been that have made it impossible for the other guys to hit .400. Certainly the pitching today is not that good, not since expansion and the depreciation of the minor leagues, for the simple reason there are fewer pitchers pitching and more pitchers in the big leagues, 20 or so starting pitchers who would be in the minor leagues were it not for the

expansion teams. So, overall, pitching can't be as good. The development of the slider hurt the hitter, of course. Joe DiMaggio always said he had trouble with the slider in his last years. But Willie Mays could hit .400, with his speed. Or Hank Aaron. Certainly Roberto Clemente, because he has so much sense with the bat. He has good bat control, he protects the plate with two strikes. I used to think Al Kaline could hit .400, or Mantle. But Mantle moved the ball too much. Too many strikeouts. Not quite enough finesse. And it is probably too late for Mays now.

What I see lacking today is the devotion necessary to produce a .400 hitter, and even with all the circumstances in the world going for you, in order to do the toughest thing there is to do in sport.

But a baseball properly—a man has got to devote every crumb of his concentration to it. Certainly from boyhood I was prepared to do that, often to the exclusion of all else, and often to the point that the sheer agony of the concentration had side effects that hurt me, even during that .400 season.

I signed to play in 1940 for \$10,000, more than double what I had made my first year. My salary was to begin a climb that would reach \$100,000 by 1950. But I sure didn't know that in 1940. I was a 21-year-old kid, worried about money, worried about everything. I remember driving Doc Cramer, our centerfielder, down to Kenmore Square one day that year, and Doc said, "You know who the

continued

best hitter in the league is right now?" We had been comparing the hitters around. "You are, you're the best." But 1940 was a tough year for me. I was maturing, to be sure, but I was suffering some, too. Certainly I was not getting the balls to hit I got in 1939. Jimmy Foxx and Joe Cronin were at an age when they were beginning to fade, and pitchers were starting to pitch around me a little. I wasn't hitting as many home runs in Fenway Park. I had hit 14 there the year before, a record, and they had moved in the right-field fence to a more accommodating distance in anticipation of a lot more. The crowds were getting bigger, coming out to see what this fresh kid could do. I had been moved to left field because it was easier to play right field in Boston is a bitch, the sun field, and few play it well. Jackie Jensen was the best I saw at it. But in left field I was also a little closer to the fans, and they were beginning to get to me that year. I started reacting, mostly out of my own frustration, and then the writers started in on me.

In 1940 my uncle was a fireman in Westchester, outside of New York City. Uncle John Smith. A great guy. I used to go down to see him regularly at the Mount Vernon fire department. By then I was already going my own way. I have never cultivated "important" people, perhaps because I do not feel comfortable in a necktie crowd. My friends were the guy who delivered the magazines, the highway cop, the guy who took care of my car and wanted a tack-

et now and then, the clubhouse boy, the guy who ran the theater. I was a movie hound. I used to go down to an old theater in the old part of Boston to see cowboy movies, and I'd get in those wooden seats, kind of leaning back with my feet over the front seat like kids will do, and one day I felt a tap on my shoulder. "Where the hell you think you are, home?" I looked up, and this guy says, "Take your feet down." He was the manager. Later, when I was coming out, he stopped me. "Aren't you Ted Williams?" We wound up going for a milk shake. His name was Johnny Buckley, and he has been one of my dearest friends ever since.

It wasn't really a matter of being a lone wolf. But I didn't smoke. I couldn't stand the smell of tobacco, I never drank. I liked to hunt and fish. I liked to walk. I liked a certain type of movie. I didn't want to see *Gone with the Wind*. I wanted to see John Wayne. And I wanted to do it now, hang, get it over with, and be home early. I've always criticized myself for the times I've let other guys dictate what happened to me. Like going someplace I didn't want to go or eating late. Eating is a real sore spot with me. I don't want to hear, "I eat swan ashale," because all of a sudden it's 9 o'clock, and when I eat late I can't sleep well and I don't feel well the next day. I don't believe there was ever a ballplayer who ate in his room as often as Ted Williams did.

So I didn't have a great deal in common with most of my teammates. I mean I liked them all. I can't think of one I didn't like. But the only one I was real close to then and for a long time was Bobby Doerr. Bobby liked the same things I did. He liked the movies, he liked milk shakes. We talked hunting and fishing by the hour. And we'd walk. We'd walk and he'd talk about Oregon and I'd talk about shooting ducks and we'd talk hitting. I got to know his mother and father. His little father was one of the dearest guys. I always envied Bobby the father he had, a father who was close to him, telling him what to do, encouraging him, helping him with his finances.

So now it's 1940, and I'm having my troubles at the park and visiting my uncle at the fire station, seeing the firemen hang around with their shirts off, getting sunburned, some of them playing cards. My uncle's telling me about this

\$150-a-month pension he's going to get, and I'm thinking, boy, here I am, hitting .340 and having to take all this crap from the fans and writers. Then one day in Cleveland I'd had a bad day at bat and Harry Grayson, the writer from NEA, was at my locker and I told him about my uncle, and then I said, "Nuts to this baseball. I'd sooner be a fireman."

Well Grayson took that and blew it all out of proportion. It was all over the papers, and that weekend we went into Chicago. The White Sox then had Jimmy Dykes, and with him the biggest bunch of bench jockeys ever on one ball team. Dykes and Edgar Smith and Ted Lyons. Doc Cramer and Lyons were always squashing eggs on one another. I come out on the field and, craps, they're blowing sirens and ringing bells, and two of them have on these Texaco fire hats that Ed Wynn used to wear, and then here comes the game and I go out in left field and there's a real fire chief with a real white helmet on and sitting with him are eight guys with big red helmets, real helmets.

Then we go to New York, and Lefty Gomez and Red Ruffing are ringing bells when I get up to the plate, raising all kinds of hell, so I get out of the box and I say to Bill Summers, the umpire, "Those guys can't do that, damnit, not while I'm hitting." Summers warns them, but they keep hanging and booing, and finally he goes over there and kicks them out of the game. Gomez was supposed to have said that he'd just as soon go fishing anyway.

You say, well, that was funny, and sure it was. But I'm still a kid, high-strung and prone to tantrums, and more and more I'm feeling like the persecuted. Next was the incident over the pigeons. There used to be a lot of big pigeons in Fenway Park, and every now and then the groundskeeper would flock-shoot them, put out a bundle of grain and kill them in bunches. I was a nut for guns, and he let me go out one day with my 20-gauge, and I suppose I killed 30 or 40 pigeons. Then Mr. Yawkey came out, too, and he's an excellent shot. Together we knocked off 70 or 80 of the pigeons. We had a hell of a time. Bang, boom, bang.

This was on a Monday. Tuesday night we're having batting practice in Washington and one of the writers comes up to me and says, "The Humane Society

continued

WILLIAMS CUDDLES DAUGHTER BOBBY JO



A detailed photograph of a Heineken beer glass filled with beer and a thick head of foam. The glass is condensation-covered and sits on a square coaster featuring a black and white illustration of a Dutch windmill. To the left of the glass is a red pepper and a silver pepper mill. In the background, a bottle of Heineken beer is partially visible. The overall scene is set on a light-colored surface.

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has made a complaint about you." "Yeah? What happened?" "They found out you were shooting pigeons." He didn't say anything about Mr. Yawkey shooting pigeons, old Teddy Bullgame is the s o b they're after. I used to take my .22 out and take target practice on the 420-foot sign, too, but that was put to rest when I knocked out a few lights in the scoreboard. It turned out that a writer in Boston named Hy Hurlwitz, a guy I always had trouble with, had mentioned the shooting in a story. So I apologized and promised I wouldn't shoot any more pigeons.

Funny, sure, but not all my difficulties were funny to me, and I didn't know how to handle them. Joe Cronin, our manager then, did. He could really handle the press, but I couldn't, and I sure wasn't getting any help from the front office. I never had problems like that when I was in the minors in San Diego or Minneapolis, and I got along fine with guys like Red Smith and Arthur Daley in New York. Isn't that funny? Well, my way of handling it was to get nasty right back. If there were eight or 10 reporters around my locker, I'd spot a guy who'd written a bad article about me and I'd say, "Why should you even come around me, that shabby-house stuff you been writing?" So that would embarrass him, and he'd get mad, and then off we'd go.

Take Dave Egan. They called him The Colonel, the big columnist for the *Boston Daily Record*. He could write some elegant things, beautiful things, make you think Ted Williams was responsible for the entire American League. Then, boy, he could tear me down, write rotten stuff. And the other columnists followed his lead.

Like I said, I didn't go home the winter of 1939. It had always been a struggle at home, the tension, my father and mother never really together, my brother always in some kind of scrape. While I was trying to help my mother, she was giving everything to my brother, and I was mad at that. I tried to give my mother everything she wanted, but I could never give her all I really wanted to, because she would have turned it over to my brother. My mother never had a vacation in her life. Never. She didn't want to spend the money. Or she'd go and buy old clothes or old furniture or something that someone was peddling, and it would pile up out back.

I remember when Eddie Collins, the Boston general manager, came to the house a few times before I had a chance to make it presentable. There were holes in the chairs white mice had made years before. One Christmas we had had a new rug in our house. We also got a little secondhand Laeol train that year. And the transformers on it got hot and the insulation melted on the rug. The rug with the spot on it was still there, I mean, it was never a happy place for me, and in 1939 my mother and father separated and there was more grief, so I just stayed away. And do you know what that Harold Kasey writes the first time I do something to displease him? "Well, what do you expect from a guy who won't go home to see his mother?"

Before that, I was willing to believe a writer was my friend until he proved otherwise. Now my guard's up all the time. Then here comes 1941 and everything is fun again. I mentioned circumstances. The biggest thing going for me to hit 400 was Fenway Park in Boston, and before you question the logic of that, let me explain. First it had a good, green background. Mr. Yawkey kept all the signs out, everything was green. There were no shadows. And then there was that short, short high fence in left field. You say, but Williams was a pull hitter to right field. That's correct. But the left-field wall gave me a different kind of advantage. Even though I didn't hit out that way, I always said to myself, "If you swing a little late it won't be the worst thing in the world, because there's that short fence, the defense isn't there, and slices or balls hit late can *still* go out." So I didn't worry about hitting late, and what did that do for me? It allowed me to develop the most valuable luxury a hitter can have: the ability to wait on the ball. By waiting, you get fooled less by the pitch. By waiting, and being quick with the bat, you can protect the plate with two strikes. You can follow the ball better.

I remember Bill Dickey of the Yankees was giving me a lot of conversation that year. When he was catching, he'd try to get you distracted. He'd say, "How much you weigh now, Kid?" and, *whoa*, there goes a strike. And then I'd take a real close pitch, a ball, and he'd say, "How big does that ball look to you, anyway?" Then I'd take another one *real* close and he'd say, "Just how the hell

big does that ball look to you?" Well, Cramer was on second one day, and he gave me the closed fist, Curveball coming. He'd stolen Dickey's sign. So I'm looking for a curve. The Yankee pitcher rears back and gives me a fastball and it's almost past when I give it one of those late, little quick swings. Line drive, right center, home run. The next day I read in the paper where Dickey said, "Williams hit the ball right out of my glove," which was perfect because it meant that I had waited.

Now, the second thing that worked in my favor that year was an injury. I had hurt my ankle in spring training, and for the first two weeks of the season I did nothing but porch-hit. The early season was never my time of year, anyway. It's cold in Boston, you have a lot of chilling, adverse hitting winds. I never hit as well in cold weather as I did in the dead of summer, anyway. Never. And, *and*, we had gotten Joe Dobson in from Cleveland. Dobson wasn't pitching regularly for us, so every day we'd go out and he'd throw me batting practice. We'd make games out of it. "O.K., Joe, bases loaded, two out," and so forth. I got the most batting practice of my life, and the best, because Dobson had a hell of a curve and a good overhand fastball, and he *always* bore down. Every day that his arm held out and the blisters on my hands held out, we'd go at it there like it was all-out war, one-on-one.

Well, for me it was great fun, and I was about as sharp as I could ever be. My hands were good and calloused, and when I'd porch-hit, almost everything I touched was a line drive. When I finally got back into the lineup the weather had turned warm, and I mean I got off to a flying start. I remember going to New York early that year, and why they didn't pull the shift on me that day I'll never know. Mario Russo was pitching, a left-hander with a sidearm fastball that sank. He was good at the Stadium because righthanders couldn't pull the ball. First time I'm up, boom, a base hit between first and second base. Next time up, boom, another hit between first and second. I got four straight hits between first and second base. Joe Gordon at second was tightening up on me all the time, but he was never over quite far enough.

The 400 thing got bigger as the season went on because a lot of guys had

continued

hit 400 for two months and then tailed. And, truthfully, it got bigger to me with the years. I had to think then that I wasn't going to be the last to do it, or even that I might do it again myself. Everybody was interested as we got into September. I'd go into Detroit, where Harry Heilmann was broadcasting the games, and Harry would take me aside and say, "Now, forget about that short fence, just hit the ball where you want it, hit your pitch, *get those home runs*. You can hit 400. You can do it." He was the opposing announcer, but he was for me. Then Al Simmons came up to me in the dugout tunnel one day. Simmons was coaching for Philadelphia at the time. He was another real big guy, and he'd kind of swagger. I'm sitting

there on the bench, and he says, "How much do you want to bet you don't hit 400?" Just like that. I said, "Nuts. I'm not going to bet I'll hit 400. I wouldn't bet a nickel on it."

It came to the last day of the season, and by now I was down to .39955, which, according to the way they do it, rounds out to an even 400. We had a doubleheader left at Philadelphia. I'd slumped as the weather got cooler, and the night before the game Cronan offered to take me out of the lineup to preserve the 400. I told him I didn't want that. If I couldn't hit 400 all the way I didn't deserve it. It sure as hell meant something to me then, and Johnny Orlando, the clubhouse boy and my good friend, and I must have walked 10

miles the night before, talking it over and just walking around. It had been such a happy, exciting season to come to this. In Detroit that July I had gotten what was to remain to this day the most thrilling hit of my life—a three-run, ninth-inning, two-out home run off Claude Passeau that won the All-Star Game for the American League 7-5.

It was a cold, miserable day in Philadelphia. I have to say I felt good despite the weather and the fact that I had no extra batting practice. And I know just about everybody in the park was for me. As I came to bat for the first time that day, Bill McGowan, the plate umpire, stepped around to dust off the plate. Without looking up, he said, "To hit 400 a batter has got to be loose. He has got to be loose." I guess I couldn't have been much looser. First time up I singled off Dick Fowler. Next I hit a home run, then two more singles off Porter Vaughan and Tex Shirley. In the second game I hit one off the loud-speaker horn in right field for a double. For the day I wound up six for eight. I don't remember celebrating that night, but I probably went out and had a chocolate milk shake, something big like that. During the winter Connie Mack had to replace the horn.

While I'm having a nice memory of Bill McGowan, I might explain what has always been thought of as my unnatural serenity around umpires. Writers I blew up at and the fans I screamed at never seemed to understand it. The umpires, baseball's traditional targets, Ted Williams never screamed at. To begin with, I never doubted the sincerity or the integrity of an umpire. Some were better than others, some controlled the game better, some would get to slammering around and let the game get out of hand, but they were a dedicated bunch of guys, gung-ho, a special breed that made umpiring a life's calling. The mistakes they made were always honest as far as I'm concerned—heat-of-the-battle, spur-of-the-moment things. The things I reacted to were opinions, thought-out, written-out lies.

It's probably true that umpires liked me, just as they liked the Musanis and the DiMaggios and the Greenbergs, for the simple reason we never showed them up. We didn't yell at them or make a fuss and get the crowd on them, which can really happen in the home park. Why not complain? Because you can't



JOE DIMAGGIO GREET'S WILLIAMS AFTER WINNING HOMER IN 1941 ALL-STAR GAME

really do anything about a bad call, No. 1. And No. 2, I never thought they were that wrong. I would say that most big-league umpires are capable of calling a ball within an inch of where it is. I felt that as a batter I could see it within half an inch. I know I could. A lot of times I'd take a third strike and McGowan or Ed Runge or somebody would ask me, "Did you think that was a strike?" And I'd always tell him the truth. "Yeah, but I was fooled by the pitch." Or I might say, "I just couldn't unhook." I never lied to them.

On the other hand, if I had a point to make, I made it. Bill Summers was a great umpire. He was like Cal Hubbard. He took complete charge of the game. One day he called me out twice on low pitches. All I said at the time was, "Hell, Bill, that was no strike," but the next day we were in the dugout before the game, and I stood up against the wall, flat, so my knees wouldn't protrude, and I said, "Bill, touch where you think my knees are." He said, "O.K., they're right here . . . uh," and he hit my leg four inches below the knee.

Well, I got to be so finicky about the strike zone that the pitchers were always yelling, "Yah, yah, Williams gets four strikes," which is what they said about Cobb, Ruth, Gehrig, Foxx and about every other good batter. It wasn't true, but I'll tell you what happened one time. Bob Lemon was pitching for Cleveland, about 1951. I have to rate Lemon as one of the very best pitchers I ever faced. His ball was always moving, hard, sinking, fast-breaking. You could never really *absofuckinglutely* with Bob Lemon.

This year, however, he was having a bit of a tough time getting started. He was probably 8 and 8 or something. And on the day I'm talking about he got the count 2 and 2 on me, and, gee, he zings one right down the middle. Fooled me. I damn near threw the bat away, when, "Ball three!" And I just did hold on to the bat. Lemon was absolutely flabbergasted. He looked, and he could hardly stand it. He put his glove in his pocket, pulled down his hat and came on in to home plate and started chewing the umpire. Jim Hegan, the catcher, was chewing him out, too. "For crying out loud, where do you think that pitch was?" "Yah, yah, you're blind. What are you helping him for?"—pointing to me. "He don't need any help, the bastard's hat-

ting .370, I'm the one that needs the help." By now I can't help laughing, and Lemon turns on me and says, "What the hell are you laughing at? The ball was right there where you should have hit it." Finally he stormed back to the mound and uncorked a hell of a pitch and struck me out.

I'll tell you one more story about umpires, because it was one of the funniest things that ever happened to me. When I tell it it always seems like a drawn-out presentation, but I read *The Old Man and the Sea* and that was sure drawn out, so I don't feel bad about telling my story. We were playing the White Sox about 1946 and, as I said, they were a real rhubarb team, what with Dykes, who I love, a real fiery guy, a great agitator—you could hear that foghorn voice all over the park—and Hans and Edgar Smith and Lyons. Joe Haynes was pitching that day, and he was always tough for me. His ball was sailing all the time, sailing in, right under your chin, but that was calculated, because Haynes had control. Damn, you had to be alert with him. He was always trying to hit you in the elbow.

Anyway, in the first inning, I hit a double for two RBIs. Now, remember, Haynes can put the ball right where he wants it. Red Jones is the umpire. Next time I get up, *wheeshhh*, right behind my ear, down I go. This is 1946, now, and everybody is back from the service, jung-ho, big crowds, bigger salaries, everything is tight, and the league has issued warnings about beanball contests, because there'd been a lot of them. The next pitch comes in and, zoom, down I go again. Well, Red Jones was the kind of umpire who took control of a game. He goes right out to Haynes, and Haynes comes in. Out comes Dykes, and there's a big rhubarb, but Jones warns him. "Throw one more like that and out you go." So on the next pitch I hit one right by Haynes's ear, base hit to center field.

Now it's my third time up, Haynes still pitching. Standing in the box, I'm facing the White Sox dugout, over there. Except this time Haynes is trying to hit the outside corner, and it's just outside, and from over there it looks like it's right down the middle. Jones says, "Ball one!" Nobody kicked except the White Sox bench, and they raised hell. "You s.o.b.! Give him everything he wants, yah, yah." Next pitch, out there again,

ball two. "You homing no-good blind man." Jones stops the game right there and goes over to the bench, with Dykes and all of them yelling at him. He said, "You guys keep it up and I'm clearing the bench. Just keep it up." And crapes, here comes another one a hair outside, misses again. "Ball three." Boy, you never heard such screaming and yelling, and Red Jones goes right over and cleans the bench. Everybody out but the nine on the field.

We're standing at home plate, and the condemned have got to pass by to get to the tunnel through the Red Sox dugout. The first guy gets to Jones and he says, "You homer, you get away from home and you're horsemeat," and off he goes. Next guy says, "For crying out loud, you give the guy everything in the world. Don't give the pitcher a break." And off he goes. And Dykes chews Jones out, and Smith chews him out and so on down the line. After about 12 guys have passed, along comes Wally Moses. Wally was a nice, quiet little guy, and when he stops he says to Jones, "Red, I've been in the big leagues 11 years. I've never been thrown out of a game in my life. Honest to Pete, I never said a word to you on the bench. I was way over in the corner, I never said a word."

And old Red Jones, I'll never forget him. He said, "Wally, I want to tell you, it's like this. It's just like on a police raid—the good go with the bad." That broke me up.

Joe DiMaggio won the Most Valuable Player award in 1941, despite my 406, but I sure wouldn't knock that DiMaggio was a great player, and he hit in those 56 straight games and the Yankees won the pennant. The Red Sox were second. The next year, 1942, I felt I should have been given a little more consideration because I won the triple crown—356 average, 137 RBIs, 36 home runs—but Joe Gordon got it. Gordon had his greatest year, and the Yankees won the pennant again. And we were second again. The voting tends to go to the team that wins, which is right. But I have to think the reason I didn't get more consideration was because of the trouble I had with the draft.

War was imminent. I had gone to my draft board right after the season, about November of '41, and told them everything about myself, how much money I had in the bank, how much I sent my

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TED WILLIAMS

mother every month, everything. I was put in III-A, which meant I had a dependent and would be inducted only after guys in other groups had gone in first. I went on up to Minnesota. On the morning of December 7 I'd just come back from hunting ducks to this little hotel in Princeton, Minn. and was eating in the kitchen when it came over the radio that the Japanese had bombed Pearl Harbor. Frankly, none of this war talk had meant a damn to me up to then. Hitler had been giving Europe fits and things were looking bad all over the world, but it hadn't sunk in on me yet. All I was interested in was playing ball, hitting the baseball, being able to hunt, making some money. I look back now, reading about World War II, and I say to myself, "Gee, those Germans were sure raising hell," but at the time I was so wrapped up in my own problems I just couldn't get too concerned.

In January I got a notice I could be called at any time. I had been reclassified I-A. A friend of mine suggested I go see the governor's Selective Service appeal agent, an attorney, because I was the sole support of my divorced mother. She worked for the Salvation Army, but she didn't get anything. So I told this man my story as honestly as I could. I've never been a liar, never could lie very well, and he said, "You're right, you should still be III-A." So he talked to the appeals board, but it voted me down. This really got the attorney mad, and he said he was going to go to the presidential board, to General Hershey. Well, I had nobody to advise me, no father, no mother there to tell me anything, no real personal big-league friends to go to and say, "Tell me what to do," so I just let the lawyer take charge, and about 10 days later I got word that I was back in III-A. I was deferred by the presidential board. I thought, well, this is the top of the heap, I'm going to be all right after all.

In the meantime I got my 1942 contract and, boy, I remember I put it in my wardrobe trunk \$30,000. The end of the rainbow. But now some awful things are being written about me, mean articles about my draft situation. The Japs are really running wild, and patriotism has invaded the press box. Bill Corum takes out after me, and Paul Gallico. They're writing, "Williams ought to get in the service. He doesn't have to hide behind anybody. He can

get in," and "Ted Williams isn't going to spring training, is he?" And yow, yow, yow. There are a million bullplayers in III-A. Gordon played baseball that year, DeMaggio played, Musial played—but Ted Williams is the guy having trouble with the draft board. I remember I had a contract then to endorse Quaker Oats, a \$4,000 contract. I used to eat them all the time. But the advertising people canceled out on me because of all this unfair stuff, and I haven't eaten a single Quaker Oat since.

Well, Joe Cronin writes and tells me I ought to go see Mackey Cochrane at the Great Lakes Naval Training Center. Cochrane had joined up and was helping run the athletic program, and by now it's quite obvious we aren't going to win in the war in six months. Cochrane had a new car then, a Lincoln Continental with pushbutton doors, and he drove me around the Great Lakes Center. There were 10,000 guys there, and Cochrane's all decked out in his Navy uniform, and he gives me the big pitch. I meet a few of the guys, and I'm weakening fast. I'm about to enlist right now. Then Cochrane says, "Gee, it's going to be awful tough to play ball. You try to play ball this summer, they'll boo you out of every park in the big leagues."

Boy, I just saw fire, I said to myself, "I don't give a damn who they boo or what they do. I've heard plenty of boos. I'm going to play ball if I can." Then Mr. Yawkey got into the act. He said he didn't think it would be smart for me to come to spring training. That was the first mistake the Red Sox made with me. I made up my mind then that I was going to go anyway. All I could think about was that big contract and the very fact that I was entitled to be III-A and that now for the first time in my life I would be able to get my mother out of heck a little bit and fix up that house.

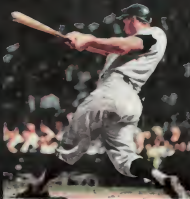
Well, it turned out a lot better than I thought it would. I heard a few remarks in the spring, but by the time the season started it was mostly over, and near the end of the season I signed up for naval aviation, which took the heat off completely. In December I got called, and five of us, Johnny Pesky, John Sam, Joe Coleman and Buddy Gempel, went to Annapolis College for basic pilot training—navigation, aerodynamics, math, aerodynamics, all basic stuff—and after that

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I never was sorry. From there to Kokomo, Ind. to Pensacola, Fla. for more training, and all of it absolutely different from anything I had ever been through. At operational training in Jacksonville I set the student gunnery record. I was in great shape. I weighed 178 pounds. I felt I could run like a deer. I know I ran the half mile better than 60 other cadets one day. And flying came easy for me. But poor Pesky. He was a great little athlete. An excellent boxer, a basketball player. He could run like hell and he was a tiger on the obstacle courses. But he flew an airplane as though he had stone arms. One time at Amherst, on a real windy day, we were flying Cubs. If you hold a Cub too tightly, the wind blows you off the runway. You have to crab, or you have to slip. Poor John lines up the runway, comes in and *whoosh*, the wind blows him away, and around he goes. He tries again, and the wind takes him again. He made eight approaches that day. It looked like they were going to have to shoot him down.

At Pensacola I was made an instructor. Flying Navy SNBs, and in my off hours I was discovering for the first time the pleasures of Florida's fishing. At about the same time I got married. Eventually we got our orders to report to the West Coast for combat duty, and I was on my way to Honolulu when the war ended.

I remember I met Dick Wakefield in Honolulu. He had set the league on fire for Detroit in 1943 and 1944, and he'd finally been called up for service in 1945. If you ever met Dick Wakefield, you met a wonderful guy. One night at dinner we got to needing each other about what we were going to do in the 1946 season, and I was getting to him pretty good. I said, "Gee, Dick, they tell me you're a banjo hitter. They say you hit a lot of cheap home runs." One word led to another, and before the night was over we had made five separate bets for 1946, each one a thousand bucks who will lead in home runs, RBIs, salary and so forth. You know that's going to make the papers, the first word from Teddy Ballgame since 1942, and sure enough Happy Chandler, a great commissioner, sends each a personal telegram, canceling the bets.

If you know anything about me, you

know that 1946 was the only year I played in a World Series, and that it ended in a frustration that grew, like the importance of the .400 season, to a terrible dimension as the years passed. Who was to know at that time I would not get another chance? The first World Series Ty Cobb played in he batted .200, but he got two more chances. The first World Series Stan Musial played in he batted .222, but he got three more chances. This was it for me.

We had a wonderful team in '46. The pitching was great. Tex Hughson, Bob Ferriss, Mackey Harris, Joe Dobson—and we got off to such a fantastic start that after only two months we practically had the pennant clinched. I remember I was wearing out Cleveland pitchers that year, and in the first game of a doubleheader with the Indians in June I hit three home runs, the first with the bases loaded, the second with two on and the last in the ninth inning to win the game 11-10.

In the second game Lou Boudreau, managing Cleveland then, came up with his shift. I won't outline it here except to say that only the leftfielder remained left of second base, and he was in fairly close. Boudreau had figured, "I can't stop this guy from hitting home runs, but practically all his base hits are to the right of the diamond. I can sure cut into his doubles and singles."

Gee, I had to laugh when I saw it. What the hell's going on? This was on my second time up in the second game. I'd doubled to clear the bases in the first inning, giving me eight runs batted in for the day. (You can't pull a shift like that with men on base.) Against the shift that day I grounded to second base and walked twice, so you can't say it hurt me right off. They were still feeling me out, and in all I hit 11 home runs and batted .400 against Cleveland that year. But there is no doubt that the shift hurt me later on. By the next year everybody had one kind of shift or another, and in June I was batting around .280. Al Simmons, still predicting doom for me, came out and said, "Well, that's the end of Williams—he can't hit to left field." Others were saying, "Williams can't beat the shift."

If you got down to tight mathematics, knowing I was a pull hitter, knowing that I averaged 85% of my hits to the right of center field, knowing I was counted on in Boston for the big hit, the

continued

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TED WILLIAMS *revisited*

home run and often couldn't afford to settle for the easy punch single to left, you have to think it took points off my lifetime average of .344. But how much? I won the league batting championship four times against the shift after that, and I missed at by two-tenths of a percentage point another time, and once I lost the title for not being up enough times officially. Under present rules, with bases on balls, I would have had that other championship.

But the story you read was, "Williams isn't trying to beat it." The hell I wasn't! I was just having a hard time hitting to left field. Paul Waner tried to help me, but I finally figured it out for myself. It was simple really. My normal stance was so close to the plate that, since they were pitching me tight to *force* me to pull into all that congestion in right field, I could do little else. All I had to do was stand a bit farther away from the plate, so that I would have room and time to *push* the ball a little more. Waner said swing *down* on the ball, but as long as I was snug up to the plate like that I couldn't swing down on those inside pitches. I know this. I beat that damn shift a lot more than people realize. There's no doubt, though, that it was a smart move on Boudreau's part, if mainly psychological. If it were me I think I'd shift for Frank Robinson right now, or Mickey Mantle or Harmon Killebrew. Certainly Killebrew and Mantle.

Well, a real funny thing happened. We went into this slump in 1946, after getting off so fast, and we were having a hell of a time clinching the pennant. They carried champagne around on the train for two weeks. We stopped hitting, we stopped winning. And then Joe Dobson shut out Cleveland on September 13, and against the shift I sliced a ball over Pat Seerey's head in left-center field. The ball rolled all the way to the wall, and I made it all the way around, the only inside-the-park home run I ever hit. Someone said, "Is that the easiest homer you ever got?" I said "Hell, no, it was the hardest. I had to run." We won 1-0, and we had our pennant. On a home run to left field.

We had had such a big lead it was just a matter of time, anyway. And the truth is I didn't know we'd been carrying around that champagne. I wasn't much to keep up with the gossip. I was always in the shower, out, bang, gone, when the game was over. I was all ex-

cited then about tying flies for my fall fishing. This friend of mine, Bill White, was teaching me how to tie the flies. Every night after the game I'd go up to Bill's little butty shop over the firehouse, a block from the hotel in Cleveland, and we'd tie flies. I couldn't wait to get there, so I never knew about the party. Well, Dave Egan, The Colonel, didn't hesitate to set me straight in the eyes of the world. "Ted Williams," he wrote, "is not a team man. He is utterly lacking in anything that even bears remote resemblance to team spirit." I have to think old Jim Thorpe would have slugged him.

Now comes the Series with the Cardinals, and for me it was ill-fated from the start. They were all gassed up after a tight race. We were coming off a month-long slump. The American League decided to have two practice games to sharpen us up, the Red Sox against a group of All-Stars from the league. We played in Boston. It was 30° and there were about 2,000 people in the stands. The weather was just awful. Little Mickey Haefner, a lefthander from Washington, was pitching, and he threw me a little sidearm curveball. I saw it coming, and I kind of held up. It hit me right on the tip of the elbow. *Shoosh*, the elbow went up like a balloon. It turned blue. The World Series was to begin three days later, but I didn't get any batting practice for two days.

While we were on the train to St. Louis before the first game, Egan came up with another big scoop. I was going to be traded for Hal Newhouser of Detroit when the Series was over. There was never any foundation to the story whatsoever, but there it was in the papers, and how do you think *that* made me feel? Then a week later he had me going to the Yankees for DiMaggio. There apparently was a germ of truth to that possibility, but of course it never materialized.

Well, we got to St. Louis, big favorites to win the Series, and I took my first batting practice and the elbow didn't feel too bad. I can't use that as an excuse and I won't, but I remember wishing we'd never had that lousy game in Boston. Howie Pollet—a lefthander, nice to look at, good control, moved the ball around, sort of like Warren Spahn—pitched the first game for St. Louis and the Cards had a version of the shift working. They crowded me the whole Series to get me to pull. But the first time up I

—continued

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TED WILLIAMS *continues*

hit a shot to right field and thought, "Boy, that's out." It hit the screen a foot foul. I wound up with one hit for the day, and I remember so well thinking, "Gee, only one hit. I'll have to do better tomorrow."

I won't bother to recap the details, sad as they were. I got only five hits for the Series, all singles, one of them a bust. The shift might have taken away another two or three, and in the seventh game I hit a couple of long flies to the outfield that Harry Walker and Ernie Slaughter made fine catches on. One in particular I thought might have gone. It was 400 or 410 feet and Walker ran a long way, but it was too high and Walker caught it.

I know this. I was certainly jacked up for that Series. I remember I had seen my first World Series game in 1919, New York vs. Cincinnati and how much it affected me. We'd played Cincinnati that spring coming north, and that day in 1919 I said to myself, "Boy I could hit in this Series," and I got so emotionally involved just watching it that I vomited after the game.

I do think it is hard to hit in a World Series. For anybody. It is usually played in cooler weather, for one thing. You play half the games in a strange park and usually against pitchers you never saw before. I never got going, I never really felt swishy at the plate. Orlando Cepeda had a Series like that last year. He hit 103, just cold, that's all.

Well, it was over and I was just so disgusted, so unhappy, and I couldn't believe we'd lost. I was shell-shocked, I was so disappointed in myself. I gave my Series check to Johnny Orlando, who had always been there to give me consolation when I was feeling down in the dumps. And I remember I went over to the train that night, God, I'd been reading these stories about getting traded, and now we'd lost, and I went into my little compartment on the train and didn't come out until about 10:30. When I got in there and closed the door I just broke down and started crying, and I looked up and there was a whole crowd of people watching me through the window.

NEXT WEEK

Williams charges Boston with making three mistakes during he choked in big games and fondly recalls Joe McCarthy.

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THERE ARE TWO.



Golfer Lee Trevino, who as an unknown finished fifth in last year's U.S. Open, likes to spend money as fast as he earns it, but his wife Claudia keeps the key to the bank

by MYRON COPE

A FIRM HAND ON A CAREFREE CAT

I could give him \$15,000," says Claudia Trevino, tugging her husband with a gaze you could hang wash on, "and he'd blow it in a week. Money means nothing to him."

Lee Buck Trevino lets out a roosterish cackle, delighted by the rebuke. He has been averaging roughly \$2,200 a tournament since joining the pro golf tour last June, but still has trouble finding a dime to mark his ball. "Until lately I never had any money," he says. "It's like pieces of paper to me."

The Trevinos are sipping soft drinks at a table in the Horizon Hills Country Club, which lies 20 miles southeast of El Paso in the desert. Lee is the club pro

a grinning, copper-colored Mexican, 28 years old, who at 5' 10" and 180 pounds is built like a paunchy building. Though he was born and raised in the countryside near Dallas, newspaper columnists almost invariably invite their readers to imagine him standing at Pancho Villa's right hand, with a bandolier tossed over his shoulder. The name Ann is tattooed on his right forearm. Ann, he explains, was a sweetheart who wrote him a Dear John letter when he served in the Marines, but, as matters turned out, the tattoo regained its usefulness. Claudia's middle name is Ann.

"We can go out to shop for a pair of socks," Claudia is saying, "and he'll spend \$500."

"I never spend nothin'," Lee grumbles, toughening.

"Because I never give you anything?" A lithe, blonde come from Dallas,

Claudia administers the family fortune and is the Wilbur Mills of Lee's existence. The savings and checking accounts are in her name, an arrangement that Lee recognizes as prudent, because any money he can lay his hands on is as good as gone. Deadbears roil his heart with hard-luck stories. Across the Rio Grande, waters at Juarez racetrack find their hands stuffed with Lee's \$5 tips. Gambling men keep a chair open for him at the table. "If there's a little poker game nearby and if I got \$500 I'll blow it," he says jokingly. "Or if I got \$5 I'll blow that. I got to bust that poker game or a got to bust me. Unfortunately, I don't bust many poker games."

"He never comes home with a dime in his pocket," Claudia sighs.

"You only live once. Why not have some fun? I'll tell you, this is the most money-hungriest woman I ever seen."

There is no acrimony, only affection, in Lee's tone, for it was Claudia who last summer launched him on a tournament career that already has netted them upward of \$60,000 in winnings. There he was, an El Paso nobody, an old Mex of 27, a golfer who had never had a lesson—who had mastered the game in the Marines on Okinawa. The local qualifier for the 1967 U.S. Open was drawing near at Odessa, but Lee did not regard himself as Open material. Claudia, however, sent in his \$20 entry fee and ordered him to Odessa.

He shot 69-67 136, the lowest local qualifier score in the nation. Next, he finished second in the sectional at Dal-

las, proceeding from there on borrowed money, to the Open at plush Baltusrol in New Jersey. "Jack Duffy," the caddy master called through a microphone to the caddy yard. "You've been drawn. Your professional is here, and he wants you immediately."

Duffy shuffled into view, a dlish, tournament-hardened veteran. He looked over Trevino as if to say, "Well, there goes my chance for a piece of the money."

Intoxically, wordlessly, Duffy trailed Lee through a practice-round two-over-par 72, confidently expecting to see an 80 before long. But in the next three days of practice he saw instead a 68, a 71 and a 70. By daily stages Duffy quickened his pace, first drawing closer to his professional's heels, then abreast of him and finally out front, authoritatively leading the way. At last he spoke. "Kid," he announced as Lee concluded his last practice round, "I'll tell you something. These guys can have Nicklaus, Palmer and Casper. I'm ready to go with you."

Lee did not share Duffy's optimism. He phoned Claudia in El Paso and said,

"Honey, I've just blown the Open. I shot a 281, and I'm going so good that I can't have anything left for the tournament." Babeswe, said Claudia. She ordered him to shoot another 281. Lee went out swinging, sustaining himself each day on peaches and plums, eaten in his motel room. He finished with a 283 for fifth place and \$6,000. Back at Horizon Hills, the members tossed down drinks on the house. Meanwhile Lee handed Duffy \$250 that he had hoarded for that purpose, he then ate another peach, endorsed his check and mailed it to Claudia, who opened a bank account for herself. Later he would pry \$100 from Claudia and send it to Duffy as final payment.

From Baltusrol, Lee flew to the Cleveland Open, arriving with \$15 in his pocket. "Can I pay you Thursday?" he asked the lady registrar collecting \$50 entry fees.

"You just won \$6,000," she reminded him.

Continued

IT WAS CLAUDIA TREVINO WHO INVESTED \$20 FOR THE ENTRY FEE IN THE U.S. OPEN THAT LED TO LEE'S SUCCESS ON THE TOUR

"I know," Lee said, "but my wife's got it all, and she's promised to send me a little."

In his heart Lee yearned to be back at Horizon Hills, knowing the members stood waiting to throw a party on his honor. Distracted by his thoughts, he arrived at the 16th hole, where he three-putted from six feet away and missed the cutoff by a stroke. He flew home and got joyously drunk.

Except for the Cleveland Open and the American Golf Classic, Lee Trevino finished in the money in each of the 13 PGA tournaments he played last year, closing the season with \$28,700 in winnings. His face creased by a broad smile, enjoying every moment of tournament golf, he has brought to the tour a breezy presence that already has created a Trevino cult. The press-tem clamors for his ingenious interviews. Last August at the Westchester Classic, where he had a 67 named out yet won \$8,125 in seventh-place money, a band of Connecticut Italians more or less adopted him and have continued to follow him around the country even after discovering he is not a *puro*. Lee's fans, they call themselves.

"Nobody enjoys playing golf like I do," Trevino muses, and he's probably right. On his first day at the scene of the Masters this year he put an 18 hole of practice, then played nine holes on a pitch-and-putt course. After a shower and an evening of cards with a few of his fans he wound up at midnight on a par-3 course, going nine holes in a sports jacket and alligator shoes.

The Masters galleries soon found themselves clogging their ears for the whimsical reflections that Lee uttered as he made his way around sedate Augusta National. In the opening round, for example, he stood in the froghair and chipped far past the hole. "I didn't know no way to play it," he innocently announced. At 18 his tee shot seemed headed straight for a distant bunker. "Sit down! Sit down!" he cried to the ball. The drive sat down—a full 20 yards short of the bunker. "Who do I think I am, Jack Nicklaus?" Lee mused. Going into the final round, he lay only two strokes off the lead, but he became involved in a series of naval expeditions in the Augusta National waters. Finally he arrived on the 18th green, where he in-

formed the surrounding throng, "I gotta two-putt this for an 80." Having two-putted, Lee then paped, "It ain't the 80 I'm worried about. Why I'm worried is when I get home my wife is gonna kick me all over the golf course."

Curiously, Trevino has yet to win an official PGA tournament, possibly because of a paradox in his makeup. Though a compulsive gambler off the course, he decided from the beginning to play it scrupulously safe on the tour. Having been penniless the greatest part of his life, he regarded \$2,000, say, as a bonanza and preferred to move cautiously, keeping his ball in play rather than risk chance shots that might bring him a \$20,000 first prize. A spectator once called to him on the practice green, "Pretend you have to make this to tie." Lee turned to the man and bluntly replied, "I'll lay it up and settle for second place."

But in May, at the Houston Champions International, the voice that at card tables tells Lee to go for broke won out. One stroke off the lead going into the final round, he promised himself, "I'm going after the 20 grand." Shooting for the pins, disdainful the middle of the greens, he seized the lead, then fell into a tie with Roberto De Vries (on the final green he succumbed to pressure. "I couldn't even see that cup," he admitted after blowing a four-foot putt that dropped him to second-place money of \$12,000).

Today there are those who, for a good reason, rate him a serious dark horse wherever major tournaments are played on tight courses. The reason certainly is not his swing, which can be found in none of the instructional books. "I got a wide-open stance," Lee says, "and, hell! I got my feet pointed 60 yards to the left of the green. I aim to the left and throw the club out to the right. I try to push the ball to the green. It's the way I learned to play. I don't know any other way. Say, it's worked for a while, hasn't it?"

Somewhat it has, and the drives that whistle off Lee's woods are the reason why he's a threat on narrow fairways. Though only of average distance, his tee shots behave beautifully, rarely carrying him into the rough. They travel at a height that almost would enable a fairly rangy first baseman to reach up and snub them. On Lee's El Paso training grounds, you see, there is no other

way to play for an ordinary day in April or May finds the wind blowing at 35 mph, which means that the golfer who puts his ball high in the air is a loser. "I've played in 60-mile winds," Lee says. And why not, when Horizon Hills members are standing by with wallets waiting to be tapped?

Horizon Hills, situated like a lost drifter in a country that is sand, rock and mesquite, is not precisely the sort of club where one would expect to find a successful tournament pro. For the past four years it has been operated as a business enterprise by Jesse Whittington, a raw-boned former Green Bay Packer defensive back, and his cousin, Donny Whittington, a handsome, debonair man who explains that he and Jesse have spelled their surnames differently ever since their fathers had an argument years ago. "Jesse's dad changed the spelling," Donny says. "Hey, Jesse, what was that argument about, anyhow?" Jesse says damned if he knows. Anyhow, for a \$250 initiation fee and \$20 monthly dues, anybody can join Horizon Hills and take a crack at defeating its fairways, which slowly are yielding grass but in the meantime offer an experience somewhat akin to golfing on broken pavement. The greens, however, are excellent, and management is pouring a million gallons of water a day into the fairways, confident that before long Horizon Hills will be an emerald in the desert.

As it is, the club prospers with a full-to-capacity membership of 554, which is drawn there by a boisterous frontier atmosphere that would strike most outsiders as a travesty of country club mores. For example, the members enjoy recalling the day when Elrank Crotschens, a 260-pound track-line tycoon, and Bob Long, who sells Crotschens his insurance, were playing in a foursome accompanied by two bar carts manned by barmaids in skintight gold lame. At one point Crotschens accused Long of cheating and slugged him with an iron, breaking two of his ribs. Delighted with himself, the hefty tycoon collapsed to the ground, nearly delirious with laughter. The insurance man thereupon climbed into his cart and drove it straight over his client. "Frank wasn't much hurt," says Donny Whittington. "He just had tracks up his shirt."

Now it is a fine spring day, with gusts up to 40 mph, and Lee Trevino is charging across the course in a cart that flies

over bumps and out of gullies at teeth-jarring speed. He is playing in a five-some, which for Horizon Hills is rather a small group. Each man pilots his own death machine, followed by a gallery of 10 who have made do with seven carts. The betting among players and galleries rages fast and furious, as does the play itself. First-man-to-the-hole hits is the rule that prevails, the result being that only Divine Providence seems to preserve the participants from a crossfire of fairway shots that would cause a prudent observer to keep an ambulance standing by. Pouring hell for leather down a slope, the golfers and spectators suggest a band of Sioux attacking a wagon train.

"In the winter, when the course isn't as crowded," says Donny Whittington, chipping along in his cart, "there'll be 15 or 18 of 'em playing in one group. Well, actually, they'll start out in two groups, but they'll join together at No. 10 in or der to increase the action. Most I've ever seen go 18 holes is a twelve-some."

Lee's livesome, known around the club as F Troop, is a motley but deceiving group. Martin Lettunch, for example, is a roughshewn, unshaven man who wears a red leather hunting cap and a cheap blue golf shirt that billows over his beer belly, exposing his flesh at times. He farms cotton and is said to be worth millions. None of the others are hurting either. At any rate, a great deal of cussing fills the air, and everyone makes sure that Lee tees off 40 to 100 yards behind the others, depending on the hole. At No. 4 he stands knee deep in desert brush, teeing off from behind a hill that lies on the far side of a pond. Thus far in the round he has been playing poorly, because, he explains, "I had too much jiggle juice before I went out."

The bets mount, as presses and double presses, and before long Lee is standing in the 18th fairway, 210 yards from the pin, lacing head on into a gale. He needs a strong finish to make the day a substantial success. With a one-iron he drills the ball under the wind. It strikes 90 yards from the pin, skitters up to the green and comes to rest five feet below the cup. "Goin' to Juarez tonight," Lee chirps. "Need some money for the dog track. Man, I hit that summabitch quail high." Stepping briskly up to his putt, he rifles it into the cup for an eagle. He then throws a burlesque-queen bump at his victims and walks off \$140 richer.



ON THE TOUR TREVINO HAS PICKED UP A MODEST FOLLOWING KNOWN AS LEE'S PLEAS

"Hell, I'm spottin' them 80, 90 yards a hole, on the average," Lee says while driving to Juarez that night. "And I've told them I'm gonna give 'em par for a partner tomorrow, meaning the worst lies can score on any hole is a par. Shucks, these guys help me get into shape. I don't want to heat members out of their money."

The next day, Martin Lettunch tracks down Lee in the clubhouse. "Where'n hell you been?" he demands. "We're ready to go. You givin' us par for a partner?"

"In *thar* wind!" shrieks Trevino. "Not a chance."

Donny Whittington is sitting at the bar, explaining that he originally hired Lee at a salary of \$30 a week, plus whatever he could earn from giving lessons. Last year Donny and Cousin Jesse became Lee's backers on the pro tour and wound up selling him a one-third interest in the club under an arrangement that pays him a salary of \$1,000 a month and temporarily provides him with a furnished apartment on the grounds. Also they set up a fund that now enables Lee while on tour to write checks "I always write checks for \$200," Lee says,

"because it's a nice round figure." Where, asks Donny, could they find another pro capable of blending so well with Herson's peculiar membership?

"Hey, Lee?" a distinguished, gray-haired gentleman calls from a table.

"You goin' down to Houston next week, ain't you? My wife says she's goin' down to Houston."

Professional protocol toward members being somewhat informal at Horizon Hills, Lee responds, "Maybe she got somethin' gun' for her."

Lee arrived at Horizon Hills two years ago dead broke, having traveled a trail that was hardly calculated to lead him to alpaca sweaters and sirloin steak. Along with two sisters, he was raised by his mother and grandfather, the latter a gravedigger, in a four-room frame house that had neither electricity nor inside plumbing. It stood in a hayfield by the Glen Lakes County Club, outside of Dallas. Lee's first exposure to golf came when, at the age of 6, he found a left-handed iron that had been thrown into the hayfield. Being right-handed, he simply turned the club around, hitting with the tip of the blade in the fashion of the great back-shot artist Phil

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Hahn. A bit later Lee stumbled upon a right-handed iron in the hayfield. "In those days," he says, "if you could afford to play golf, you could afford to throw away clubs. I made me a two-hole course in the pasture, and when they cut the hay in summer I had me the plushiest course you ever seen."

Though he caddied at Glen Lakes and sneaked in a few holes at dusk, Lee took no serious interest in the game, being compelled to quit school after the seventh grade and go to work. But when he was 19 and already serving the second of two liches in the Marines, he glanced at a bulletin-board notice announcing tryouts for the Third Marine Division golf team. "Shucks, I know a little about that game," he told himself. His executive officer, weighing Lee's request for permission to try out, challenged him to a round in order to evaluate his game. "I waxed him," says Lee.

In time he waxed the entire division team, and two years later emerged from the Marines a skiffed, if not especially stylish, golfer. In Dallas, Lee went to work as a pro at a par-3 course. Presently he married Claudia, and to make ends meet he began enticing lesser golfers into irresistible matches. He would agree to use left-handed clubs, or, if given half a stroke a hole, he would play the entire par-3 course equipped only with an empty Dr. Pepper bottle—the one-quart family size. "I can hit a ball 100 yards with a Dr. Pepper bottle," Lee says. "I can control it fairly well, too. In fact, I never lost a bet using that bottle. I once won \$90 playing two holes. A fella said, 'I'll play you a hole for \$45,' and then he insisted on one more hole. I think Claudia and me blew the whole \$90 that night."

The pro tour, in the meantime, seemed but a faraway dream. Young golfers cannot obtain a place on the tour simply by showing up with a bagful of clubs. Lee learned to his dismay that in order to make the big time he first would have to attend the tournament players' school at Palm Beach Gardens, Fla. and show a minimum of \$6,500 available to pay his way on the tour. He lacked the wherewithal to do either. But PGA rules offered him another, though slower, way. By putting in four years as a course pro and matriculating at the PGA's business school in Dallas, Lee could qualify for the precious Class A card that automatically admits a player to the tour.

At last he fulfilled both of those requirements and asked his employer to sign a form verifying his four years of service on the par-3 course.

"I'm not going to sign it," the man replied. "I don't think you're ready for that Class A card." Lee supposes his boss simply did not want to lose his services, but he lost them anyhow. Enraged, Lee quit.

Tycoons and wealthy playboys across America were lining up to back hotshot college golfers, and now a Dallas man named Bill Gray came forward willing to sponsor Lee in scattered tournaments that did not require the Class A card. The only trouble was that Lee's sponsor needed a sponsor. Bill Gray held a modest government job that barely enabled him to foot Lee's expenses to the 1965 Texas State Open at Houston and the Mexico Open. Happily, Lee won the State Open and \$1,000 and in Mexico City won second-place money, \$2,280. "So we were in business," Lee says.

By now Bill Gray had become so enchanted with tournament golf that he quit his job. This turn of events dictated that certain expenditures—airplane tickets, for example—be eliminated, so to reach the Panama Open, the dauntless sponsor and his pro drove 7½ days through Central America, sleeping in Gray's car and, at one stop in El Salvador, in a 50c hotel room that they shared with a large bat. The southern portion of Costa Rica, the last leg on their journey, proved particularly arduous.

"The reason was," Lee says, "there was no road. We drove on a riverbed. It was all boulders. The fastest we could go was 15 miles an hour. Then we went up through mountains on a horse trail, and finally, in the middle of the night, we find a little road. But now we see there's a truck parked sideways across the road, and there's four guys waiting for us. One of them is wearing a big straw hat and no shirt, and he's got a carbine. Bill Gray says, 'It's all over. They're fixin' to kill us.' Well, the guy with the carbine says to us in Spanish, 'Hey, you got a cigarette?' And in Spanish, I tell him, 'Here. Take the whole pack.' So they moved the truck. Till we got to Panama, I like to suffocate. We had the doors locked and the windows rolled up tight all the way." In Panama City, Lee won fifth-place money, \$716.67, and Gray sold his car, making it possible

for them to fly back to Dallas and unemployment.

Ere Martin Lettunich, the millionaire cotton farmer Lettunich had observed Lee's performance in the State Open, and now he was phoning from El Paso with a proposition. He wanted to pit Lee against a hot local golfer in El Paso. "Fly over here," Lettunich said to Lee, "and I'll pay your expenses and \$300, win or lose."

"I shot a 65 and a 67," Lee says of the match, "and beat the guy like a tomatom. I turned him every way but loose."

What's more, Lee persuaded Donny Whittington to make him the Horizon Hills pro. He worked furiously to improve his game. "I saw him break five clubs over his knee, one after the other, on the practice tee," says Claudia. Last year, still wondering how to get a Class A card, Lee had a brainstorm. "What would happen," he asked himself, "if a pro worked for a guy for four years and the guy dropped dead before signing the verification? Would the pro lose credit for those four years?" He put the analogy to Texas PGA officials. It was common knowledge that he had worked four years in Dallas and, that being the case, was it really necessary that his former boss verify it? Sympathetic, the PGA handed him a card. The next thing he knew, Claudia was hurling him into the U.S. Open. "I went up there and beat the big shots, and that's how it all started," says Lee.

On the fringe of Horizon Hills, a residential development known as Horizon City is springing up. The builders have just about completed a five-bedroom adobe villa with a walled courtyard and a private putting green. Lee and Claudia, their 3-year-old daughter Lesley, a dachshund named Boygy and a Doberman named Judy will move in any day now. Lee surely is getting to be a man of stature. In nightclubs, headline performers join his table, as did Singer Robert Cameron at the posh Camano Real in Juarez not long ago. Over coffee in the Horizon Hills breakfast room the next morning Claudia said to Lee, "Did you see how those two beautiful girls moved right in at the table when Robert Cameron sat down?"

"Whaddya mean, Cameron?" Lee protested. "I was the star, the celebrity. Cameron ain't nothin'."

"Aw," said Claudia, "you make me sick."

END

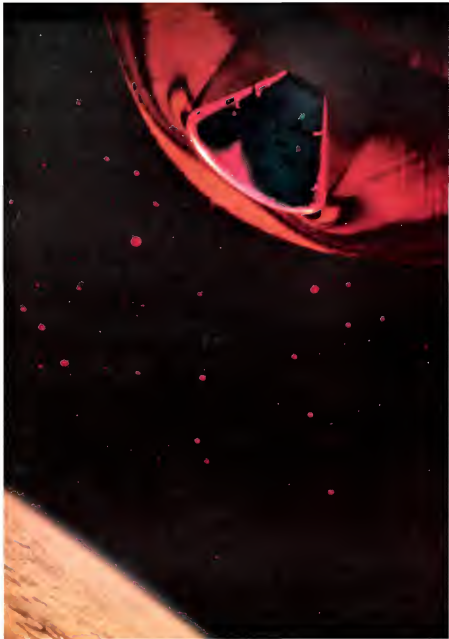
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★ **Wilt Chamberlain**, all 7' 1" of him, has been swooning about on the Russian River in Healdsburg, Calif. behind his custom-made boat on what have to be custom-made skis. Wilt, starting his second summer of water skiing, is pretty good. He does sink from time to time, but a photographer friend claims he doesn't mind. In fact, he says, "He is very happy about it." He may, of course, be sitting on the bottom.

State Representative **Marna (Sluggo) Klappenschmidt**, who is a former prizefighter, has had a new law entered on Pennsylvania's books. May 21 of each year is in the future to be Bird Day, a day to be devoted to the study of birds, their beauty and usefulness.

The Reds' **Pete Rose** had Forward Pass in the clubhouse pool for the Derby. That was O.K. with his teammates—they didn't have to pay off—but Rose also had Forward Pass in the Preakness, Stage Door Johnny in the Belmont, Bob Gouby in the Masters and Bobby Ufer in the Indianapolis 500. Fortunately Rose has been leading the Na-

tional League in hitting for most of the season. Considering what he is doing to his teammates in the pools, it is just as well he is doing a little something for them at the plate.

Over the years Professional Wrestler **Taro Tanaka** has been stabbed with knives and cut with razors, bitten on the arms and legs, gouged with high heels and hammers, kicked in the head, ribs and groin with steel-toed boots, burned with cigarettes, hit with bottles, chairs and crutches. He remains, in spite of all this, a gentle man, a PTA-goer fond of children, dogs and, fairly recently, golf. So far he finds the game relaxing, though he adds, "I'm terrible, but I'm determined to beat it." This may spell the beginning of the end of Tanaka's sweet nature. A mere look in the ribs with a steel-toed boot is never going to tear up the human nervous system like a determination to beat the game of golf.

"I always thought Charlie could eat," says Beverly Krueger of her husband **Charlie Krueger**, the 49ers' defensive tackle, "but that was before his brothers came to visit." Charlie is 6' 4" and weighs

255. His younger brother **Rolfen** is 6' 5" and weighs 249. Baby brother **Kent** is only 6' 3", but he weighs 265. When Kent came to visit, Beverly cooked 20 eggs for breakfast, of which she had two, Charlie had three and Kent had 15. Well, Kent is a growing boy. He is only 13.

St. Clive Hulme, father of New Zealand's World Champion Race Driver **Denis Hulme**, literally stopped the traffic in the streets of Melbourne recently. While visiting from New Zealand to attend services commemorating the Battle of Crete, where he won the Victoria Cross, Hulme took out his diving rod and began snuffing around the city. "I've never been wrong yet," he announced. "In New Zealand I've been responsible for 1,314 successful bores. Gold, coal and oil can all be found this way." In Melbourne Mr. Hulme was just looking for water. Threading his way among trams, lorries, buses and automobiles he found in no time the underground stream at the Collins Street-Swanton Street intersection and went on to locate water beneath the town hall, the civic square and the treasury gardens. It's an interesting gift Denis' father has there, but not one his boy needed in Indianapolis this year, where he and the other contenders stood around as the rain for 19 out of the 24 days before the race.

The German Olympic Committee has commissioned Spanish Painter **Juan Miró** to do the official poster for the 1972 Olympic Games in Munich. Miró, a small man, spy at 75, says that he does 15 minutes of calisthenics every morning and recalls, "When I was a young man I took up boxing. I became a pretty fair welterweight. One day in Paris my friend Ernest Hem-



ingway suggested teaching me how to box. We began sparring, enormous Hemingway and very little me. I guess he was surprised to see that I had some idea of how to fight. 'You show promise, Joan,' he said to me. 'Keep at it.' As for the future Olympic Games in Munich, the great painter said, 'I have never seen an Olympics, but if I paint a good poster I guess I'll be invited'.

Word has recently come from Texas that **Dick Campbell**, a junior defensive end for the Texas Tech Red Raiders, has auditioned for and won the role of Caesar in a variety show to be performed this summer at a big Texas amusement park, and it is whispered that the costume does full justice to his "26½-inch football-player's thighs."

★ **Ted Williams** has been keeping a secret of his marriage (No. 3) to the former **Dobson Wetach**, pretty, dark-haired outdoors-lover from Vermont. The catch was made some time ago on one of Williams' fishing trips out of the country.



Tennis white on the fairway

The best thing that ever happened to women's golf clothes has happened this year—they no longer look like women's golf clothes. Gone are mix-and-match colors, cute embroidered insignia, tee loops, fancy golf hats and oversized action pleats. The new easy-moving look of women's golf—as shown by these players at The Broadmoor Golf Club in Colorado Springs—is uncluttered, clean-cut and white, as white as that of tennis, but white made easy. All of the clothes are of easy-to-care-for blends of cotton with Dacron, Arnel or other synthetics. They are also easy on the pocketbook: none of the new golf outfits shown on these pages costs more than \$35.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT FREEMAN



FOR A FAMILY FOURSCORE with her sons, Whit, Peter and John, Betty McKinley wears a knit sweater and shorts of cotton and polyester by Genie & Genie. Nancy Vogel (right) wears cotton-and-Arnel pants by Rakki for Sport Tena which has a wrap skirt over a culotte.





AT THE GOLFHOUSE: Nancy chats with G. Kenward-Eggar of the Pro Shop. She teams a popcock-etch sweater with a knit shirt by Gent & Guit. The cowboy hat by Adolfo is of natural rough raffia. All-white golf shoes, by Foot-Joy, complete the tennis starkness.



FOR COOL AFTERNOON GOLFING in the mountains, Laurie Long wears Gent & Guit's double-knit trousers and matching yardstick with a stitched-cotton redone by Adolfo. At right, Nancy golfs in a double-length version, new this year, of a famous knit tennis and golf shirt—the Chienne Lacoste, to it she adds a Roger Van S elastic belt.



A new lift for U.S. Olympic hopes

Modern man is still victimized by a leftover Neanderthal urge to pick up huge, heavy objects to show everybody how big and strong he is. Not that this sort of thing is bad, assuming he can limit it to maybe sneaking out into the garage at night and lifting the Volkswagen. But let the old instinct take over completely and it can only lead to a terrible end. Suddenly one evening he

will come to his senses too late, he will shake his head dazedly and find himself in the Senior National AAU Weightlifting Championships in a place like York, Pa. There on the floor in front of him will be the biggest, ugliest barbell he has ever seen. And all around him will be about 1,800 spectators with disbelief on their faces—all waiting to see him try to pick it up.

If he does it, forcefully and well, without ripping out all the muscle tissue along his loins, there is every prospect the instinct will have paid off. He will suddenly become a celebrity in this strange, misunderstood sport. He will very possibly become a U.S. champion and perhaps even that U.S. rarity—an Olympic gold medal contender.

The country's best lifters were all huffing and heaving last weekend, seeking to become just such champions and contenders. Eighty-nine of them had shouldered their way into York, which is a more fitting setting for such a show than, say, Muscle Beach in California, since York is the barbell manufacturing center of the world. York is the city that pectorals built. It also is occasionally called the Dumbbell capital of America, but only by people who probably have trouble pulling up their socks and who therefore could not be expected to understand. The lifters came in all sizes, lurching through town in that sort of top-heavy stagger that is peculiar to practitioners of the sport, and staged their showdown right there on stage at William Penn High School where everybody could see it. They ranged from 123½-pound Puerto Rican Fernando Ruez, who would have trouble peeing over the top of a volleyball but is a champion nonetheless, to monsters like national champion Bob Bednarski, who measures 31" around each thigh and breaks some sort of record almost every time he touches a barbell, and Joe Dube, whose weight is up to 325 pounds now, is still climbing and is expected to be out of sight when the Olympics begin in October.

And when it was all over last Sunday night there was plenty of reason for America to sit up and take new notice. For one thing, the meet presented some of the strongest men ever seen in the country. More important, the lifters who were outstanding in last weekend's tournament will almost certainly make the U.S. squad at the Olympic trials in September. And there is every chance that

they will bring back medals from Mexico.

"I feel like maybe I could do it right now," said Dube, looking ahead to the tall. "I'd like to win on my first lift—maybe set a new world record for the press and demoralize the opposition right off."

"I'm feeling stronger than I ever have," said Bednarski. "When those weights get to feeling lighter, you can tell you are there, man."

The reason for this tensed-up optimism was that, while the light and middleweights were dandy in their classes, men like Dube, Bednarski and others—the superheavies, the whales—had a more special mission in mind. They all were lifting against the specter of Russia's Leonid Zhabotinsky, who is 6' 5", weighs 364 pounds and can lift tall buildings with one hand. Any heavy who makes the U.S. team had better not flinch at the thought of 483½ pounds, which was Zhabotinsky's clean-and-jerk record. The thought of it dominated all else in the days leading up to the meet.

"You lift weights because—I don't know—maybe it's a complex or something," said Dube, settling down to one of his five daily meals in the old Yorktowne Hotel. "Take me. I just started out to do a little body building and then I got interested in lifting. I was five foot seven and weighed 135 pounds in 1958. Now I'm six feet. I would weigh maybe 220 if I wasn't competing. As it is now, at 325, I still need more muscular weight to compete properly. I want to weigh 350, if possible, to meet that Russian at Mexico City. He's a brute, that guy."

Dube, who is a 23-year-old Floridian, lifts such stems as three quarts of milk a day (during one lost weekend he downed three gallons) and steaks that stagger full-grown waitresses. He does heavy squats with more than 400 pounds on his shoulders. "Building a body for Olympic lifting," he said, "is like building a house. You've got to have that solid foundation."

Bednarski, who had broken a world record in each of his last six meets, also was getting up for the occasion. It meant half a dozen eggs, buckets of milk and a bowl of vitamins and minerals for breakfast—followed by roughly four other meals before dark each day. He had tapered off his heavy training to a series of light sprints in the York Barbell Company gym, in which he would tug and push against fixed equipment



JOE DUBE COMES IN AT 325 POUNDS

until he bent backward and resembled everything out of shape.

"I've always been fascinated by tests of strength," Bednarski said, "like Hercules and all that. And listen, the size of my competitors does not bother me. I mean, three weeks ago I broke the world mark with a press of 451 pounds. That beats the Russian, who has only done 444, and a couple of other guys. And my 471-pound clean-and-jerk is only 12½ pounds away from Zhabounsky's record. I weigh 252 pounds now on my way to 260 for Mexico, and my chest is, oh, 48 or 49 inches. I feel great, but buying shirts is a problem."

Then the heavy weekend, for all the contenders, got down to business. And for all the strange language of lifting it is pretty basic stuff. There is the press, one single lift to the shoulders while the lifter either does a squat or scowls his legs. Next, on signal, he pushes the barbell to arm's length and waits for the approving nod. There is the snatch: up and over the head with the barbell in

one movement. The third lift, clean-and-jerk, which sounds like a comedy team takes on the highest poundages. The lifter squats, lifts the bar to shoulder height, stands and jerks it, hopefully, overhead.

The prospect of all those whales, baby whales and, say, a minnow or two brought the town down to the high school gym, gradually filling it up on Saturday and taking all 1,800 seats for the monster finale Sunday night. York Barbell Company had, with a crew of comparatively weak-muscled men, filled the stage with enough weight to sink the whole school. The lifters got laced into their built-up shoes, shrugged into their strangely old-fashioned suits with the 1890 circus strong-man armholes and stood around flexing. It was awesome to see. A thick heat wave settled over York, and as each man struggled to raise the bars overhead rivers of perspiration flowed down from his muscles. By the time the whales took the stage, 19 new national and meet records had

been set and the phlegmatic half of being dry-wet Olympians.

Then came Bednarski and Dube, so big that they cast monster shadows against the backdrop. In the press, Bednarski called for 420 pounds, lifted it easily. Dube lifted 425. Bednarski lifted 440, Dube failed with 445. Then Bednarski called for 455 pounds, four more than his own world record. He planted himself in front of the bar and lunged it into the air. Another record, later verified at 456½.

Dube hefted 425 pounds in the clean-and-jerk, plenty good enough for an Olympia berth, and then gave up.

Bednarski said, "I feel like another world record. Comme ça?"

He did it, of course (the actual weight was 486½), trembling and in a faint shower of perspiration, but looking as though he could lift the whole auditorium. When it was over, he had two new world records and one big Russian to face. "I can handle him," he said. "I'm still going up, remember?" **END**



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The boys from Speed City burn up the town

After winning a grudge race against Jimmy Hines at 200 meters, Tommie Smith led the Santa Clara Youth Village to victory over USC's famed 440-yard relay team to be named top athlete at Coliseum-Compton meet

Tommie Smith was slouched in the front seat, holding a Polaroid Big Swinger, an Instamatic M-14 movie camera and a three-foot-high trophy, all of which he had just won running in the Coliseum-Compton Invitational Track Meet. The rented convertible stopped for a light at the intersection of Hoover Street and Venice Boulevard in downtown Los Angeles. "Hey, cats, look at that car," Smith said to John Carlos and Lee Evans, who were riding with him. They looked and saw—not a Ferrari, not even a Cadillac—a Volkswagen. "You crackin' up?" asked Evans.

"No, look there at that license plate," said Smith. "Look at it. Lovely 'wis 221.' I'm gonna get me one that says 'wis 220' and stack it on my Chev and ain't no one gonna ever take it off. Got to love it."

"Hold it just a minute," Carlos said. "If I'm lyn' I'm flyin', but you didn't win no 220 tonight, did you, man? Nope, you didn't." The light changed and the Volkswagen moved away, and Smith began to laugh. "Carlos," he said, "why don't you quit buggin' me?"

Smith, Carlos and their Santa Clara Youth Village running mates—particularly Billy Gaines, Kirk Clayton and Jerry Williams—bugged the Coliseum-Compton meet all Friday night. True, Smith, who holds the world record for the 220-yard dash, did not win the 220. But there was no 220 scheduled. Instead Tommie won an Olympic-distance 200-meter dash—a race exactly 46 inches shorter than 220 yards—and moved one up (three to two) in his grudge duel with Jim Hines of the Houston Seabirds. Smith also anchored the Youth Village's 440-yard relay team to an unexpected victory over USC's experienced world-record quartet that had not lost in more than a year.

The night, though, did not start that well for Santa Clara. In the 100-meter dash Carlos, running at full speed after

a two-month setback with a pulled hamstring muscle, was clocked at 10.3 along with Ronnie Ray Smith of San Jose State and Hines. It looked as though Carlos was there first, and he was accepting congratulations when it was announced that Hines was the winner and Carlos had been placed third. It was not until the weekly meeting of the Southern California Track and Field Writers' Association on Monday, in fact, that meet officials got the places all sorted out. After examining news photos and television films, they awarded first to Carlos.

At the time, however, John protested the decision with a certain vehemence. "Man, them cats jived me," he said, "just like they jived Tommie last week. You see, we're all with the boycott, man, and they ain't grin' us nuthin'."

The previous week at San Diego Hines, who does not advocate the proposed boycott of the Olympics and Smith both were timed in 20.3 for the 220, and Hines was declared the winner. Smith asked the judges to look at a television film of the race, but they refused. "The worst I should have got was a dead heat," Smith said. "Officially, I guess I've lost three important races in my life—two to Hines and one to Rich and Stebbins, who used to run for Grambling. But in my own mind I've been beaten only twice."

A race between Smith and Hines generally is decided in the first 50 yards. Hines has a dynamic start. Smith starts slowly but finishes like a jet. Unless Hines breaks fast enough to have at least a substantial lead after about 50 yards, there is little chance he will survive Smith's closing charge. At San Diego Hines had moved to a six-yard lead after about five seconds, then yielded all six during the next 15 seconds.

To get these fast starts, Hines almost jumps the gun. Sometimes he does and gets caught. He was disqualified

from the 100-meter race at the Kansas Relays in April for two false starts. "It's the starters' fault," he says. "After they've said 'Get set,' they're supposed to hold 2½ seconds—no longer—and fire the gun. This year they're holding three and ½ seconds and goofing me and everyone else—all up. They get you up on your arms too long, and you lose your timing and form at the beginning."

In the Coliseum last Friday night, Smith started the 200-meter in Lane 3, while Hines was staggered ahead in Lane 4. "This helps me," said Smith, "because I can see him all the time and know what I have to do. At San Diego he was staggered behind me, and I never really knew how far ahead he was until we came into the straightaway. But when he's ahead of me in the blocks I can keep in touch." Hines broke strongly at the gun, but Smith never trailed by more than three yards. When they reached the straight Tommie burned down home and won by two yards.

If Tommie Smith beat Jim Hines to settle a grudge, his Santa Clara Youth Village sprint relay team beat USC's 440-yard relay champions to reestablish pride. After all USC, with Fred Kuller, Lennox Miller and football stars O.J. Simpson and Earl McCulloch, had practiced together for two seasons, perfecting the baton passes that are so important in such short relays.

The Youth Village organized its 440 team only this year. Art Simburg, who had become Tommie Smith's greatest fan when both were students at San Jose State (the cities of San Jose and Santa Clara are next to each other), recruited most of the members of the Youth Village team. He convinced Billy Gaines, a slightly overaged high school student, to leave New Jersey, move to San Jose and compete for the Youth Village. He persuaded John Carlos, a New Yorker who complained of a racial situation at East Texas State, to move on west. Mar-

continued

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TRACK & FIELD

tin McGrady transferred to San Jose from Central State in Ohio, and Kirk Clayton came from Grambling College in Louisiana. Simburg also recruited Jerry Williams, who had been a great runner at Berkeley (Calif.) High School and then dropped out of sight. "I smoked and drank a lot," Williams said, "and I was really living fast. I went through one marriage and into a second. I was lost."

Simburg had been the sports editor of the school paper at Berkeley High, and all he wrote about was Jerry Williams. He remembered him, tracked him down in a pool hall and cornered him to San Jose. Now Williams is finishing his lower-grade scholastic requirements and running for the Youth Village. With Tommie Smith, who had completed his collegiate eligibility at San Jose State, also available, the Youth Village soon became known as Speed City. "No one can ever beat them on speed alone," said Vern Wolfe, the USC coach, before Friday's meet. "But they haven't worked on the mechanics of the relay the baton pass particularly. And they talk a lot, really a lot, about beating us. We've never run against them before. It should be a good race."

For the race, Speed City decided on a quartet with Billis Gaines running the lead, Clayton following, then Jerry Williams and finally Tommie Smith as the anchor. USC went with McIlwain, then Kuller, O.J. and Lennox Miller. The Trojans led by a stride near the end of the second leg. Then it happened. While Clayton neatly passed the baton to Jerry Williams, Kuller and O.J. Simpson had trouble. "I red ran up and yelled 'stick,' and then he hit me on the shoulder with it," said O.J. "He got me the second time, but it was too late. We lost the race right there." For the final leg Smith started with a step lead over Lennox Miller and easily maintained it.

"We run them the first time and lose," said O.J. afterward. "The worse thing is, we'll never run 'em again. Earl grad-wates and who knows what will happen. I hate to start and end this as a loser."

USC lost, but Tommie Smith won the movie camera for the 200, the Polaroid camera for the relay, the trophy for being the meet's outstanding athlete and a restored pride. "I didn't want people to think my speed was dwindling," he said. "It never dwindles." **END**

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¡VENGÁMOS, GRINGOS!

'Come on down,' says Mexico, and for the first time since Los Angeles, 1932, Americans can drive to a summer Olympics. The route, as your correspondent discovered, is anything but a bore

BY JACK OLSEN



We were loaded with advice and provisions when we pulled out of Yuma, Ariz. and headed for the Mexican border. Don't try to drive more than 200 miles a day, our friends had said. Don't drive at night. Put your watch on your right arm; otherwise somebody will grab it when you make a hand signal. Take your hubcaps off and get a lock on your gas cap. Don't drink the water, and try to avoid eating the food. I wondered if it was O.K. if we breathed the air. My head was reeling with these admonitions, and my car handled soggy and soft from the overload. Two big jugs of water were perched upright on the rear seat like obedient children, held firmly in place by

seat belts. Thank you, Ralph Nader. Around the jugs were stacks of foodstuffs, soft drinks. Spam, canned vegetables, graham crackers, 40% Bran Flakes, potato chips, snacks and goodies that could be trusted. There were two first-aid kits plus a snakebite kit with a suction bulb; there were extra fan belts and sparkplugs for the car, six cans of motor oil, a box of signal flares and a jerrycan of gasoline; an extra spare tire (a spare spare) was lashed to the roof rack. If we had had a few mattresses draped over the sides of the car and three or four kids sucking on bottles we would have looked exactly like the dust jacket of *The Grapes of Wrath*.

ross/land

"What are you supposed to be," a wise-guy friend had asked as we slid away from the curb with all the grace of a hippopotamus in the eighth month of a difficult pregnancy, "the American contribution to Mexico's cultural year, or what?"

"Maybe he was right," I said to my wife as we negotiated south Yuma and waddled down a dusty detour toward the border. "Maybe we overdid it."

"Don't give me that 'we' stuff," my wife said. "You're the one that said driving in Mexico was different from driving anywhere else in the world. You're the one that said we had to be completely sufficient unto ourselves, prepared for every eventuality, ready to . . ."

"Yeah," I said, "but I didn't mean we had to load up the car with pemican and jerky."

"With what?"

"Never mind," I said. My wife was after Zane Grey's time.

The border is only a short haul from Yuma, and the day was hot, and the road was dusty and potholed, and soon I was lost and annoyed and delivering one of those long social commentaries that my wife has come to know and enjoy so much. "Damned Mexicans!" I said. "All that phony publicity about how their roads have improved and you can drive to the Olympics without any trouble. All that horseradish! Look at this! We haven't gone two miles and we're lost already. Now what's the name of this cross street? No sign, right? Yeah, I knew it. Incredible! Amazing! No street signs! How the hell are you supposed to know where you are? Damned backward country. They're in the Dark Ages. Bunch of burro riders. Aw, the hell with it! We're not going. This is a stupid idea. No, the hell with it. I'm turning the damn car around and we're going back to the United States!"

"Sweetheart," my wife said gently, "we're in the United States."

"What?" I said. "What?"

"We're still in Arizona."

She was right. Just below Yuma, a series of right-angle corrugated farm roads led one slowly and painfully toward the border. "I knew that!" I said. "What I meant was these roads are just like Mexico!"

"Sure you did," my wife said. "So let's give the Mexicans one more chance."

We had deferred breakfast and lunch in favor of an authentic Mexican meal, and now we were both weakened with hunger. Visions of hot tamales ("Are there any cold tamales?" my wise-guy friend had asked) and *chiles rellenos* and guacamole salad danced before our eyes. "Frijoles," I said. "My kingdom for a dish of frijoles." My wife has always said that my idea of heaven would be a pool hall that served frijoles, Mexico's refined beans.

Crossing the border into the dusty little town of San Luis was a snap; it took 10 minutes from start to finish, and the Mexican officials that everybody had told us would

have to be bribed didn't have to be bribed at all, just smiled at by my wife. We entered the first restaurant in sight at a trot and grabbed up a pair of heavy menus. "Familiar dinner No. 1" consisted of "wonton soup, barbecued pork, pork chop saucy, spareribs" and assorted other Oriental delicacies. "Familiar dinner No. 2" was "squabs (sic) featured with pineapple," etc. The restaurant also served "fried fresh shrimp," "Filet mignon," "Nueva York cut steak" and "tenderloin steak," as well as "breaded tenderloin steak." We ate Chinese style, at \$4.50 each, and thanked our stars that we were in an inexpensive country.

We headed southeast across a countryside so dry that you could almost hear it crackle. Tall and stately saguaro cacti dominated the landscape of basic brown. The saguaros near the road (Mexican National Highway No. 2) were brown and lifeless and bullet-holed, like the ones near the roads in Arizona. White poppies and purple unidentifiables covered the desert floor, and here and there were specimens of a strange half-cactus half-tree, lacking bark and leaves, with gnarled and twisted branches reaching toward the sky like the fingers of the dead. Nothing changed for 200 miles. The man at the quarantine station said, "You spik Spanish?"

"No," I said.

"Do you *español*?" he said. "Where do you go?"

"Mexico City."

"*Queoosh bowto*," he said. "Beautiful. Why do you go there?"

"Somebody in my office got the idea we should drive the road before the Olympics, find out what it'll be like for all the American drivers going down in September."

"For the what?"

"For the Olympics."

"Oh, si," the inspector said. "I heard about that." He slapped the back of the car as one would slap the rump of a pony to tell him to be off. We drove till dark and found ourselves still an hour away from our first night's stopping place: the little town of Santa Ana in the desert state of Sonora. Everyone we had talked to—the Triple-A lady, the Mexican insurance agent, the American border officials—had warned us not to drive in Mexico after dark. "Sheer suicide," the insurance man had said. "If you don't hit a cow, you'll hit an unlighted car." But we were only 50 miles from Santa Ana, and we had a choice between sleeping on the desert floor and using up our snakebite kit on the first night out or proceeding through the black Mexican night to Santa Ana. We proceeded, at a speed of about 30 mph.

Soon the lights of Santa Ana appeared ahead and, as we tooted into the outskirts of town, we came to the edge of a river about 50 yards in width. There was no bridge, so far as I could see, and no ferry. Mexican National Highway No. 2 went to the water's edge and quit. The water bubbled and gurgled, and little flecks of secondhand light

glittered from the crests of the rapids. A Mexican walked up to the car and beckoned us to drive on into the river. "Not me, Buster," I said, and nervously handed him a pack of cigarettes purchased for just such an emergency, when the goodwill of the peasantry would be sorely needed. I looked again, but the river was still there. The Mexican had begun to talk haltingly. "You go wife first," he seemed to be saying, "and then you know something." Gradually he gave me to understand that anybody with any sense at all would send the wife on ahead. If she sank the river was unsafe for the car. Just then an old pickup truck bearing Mexican license plates and no running lights came bumping down the road and plunged into the river without slowing down. I jumped behind the wheel and followed, and we drove into Santa Ana in triumph, with river water streaming from the trunk. Our first day's drive in the strange land was a success. "Tomorrow you ride with your shoes off," I said giddily to my wife. "There might be more rivers."

We drove for a total of eight days in Mexico, anticipating the thousands of Americans who will pile into their cars in September and October and head for the Olympic Games, the first time since 1932 that this feat has been possible by automobile. We took the western route into Mexico City, the same route that Californians will have to take, and returned to the U.S. via the eastern route, through Monterrey to the southern tip of Texas, to find out what the drive will be like for Americans from points east of El Paso. We found out, all right. The drive will be an adventure. Something different will happen each day. You will want to abandon the trip and turn back at least 100 times. And another 100 times on the second day, and the third. If you persist in driving like a gringo, a *novotourista*, you had better have plenty of insurance and a clear conscience. Perhaps, like the man from Berwyn, Ill., you will top a slight rise and slam into a burro and wipe out your new car. Or, like the man from McAllen, Texas, you will break up your car against a wandering cow. Or, like the three priests from Colorado, you might crack up against the back of an unlighted truck at night. The Mexican highways are a barrel of fun, a laugh riot—if you live. And even if you live, you can find yourself in plenty of trouble over nothing. An American photographer was a passenger in a car that swerved to miss a horse and plowed into a tree, when the photographer awoke after two days of unconsciousness he found himself in a hospital under armed guard. Another American was engaged in an accident with a policeman from Querétaro and was held by the police for a week, while his wife went back into the U.S. to get the money to buy the politico a new Ford Galaxie. Mexico has the Napoleonic Code, you're guilty until proved innocent, and sometimes even then. Killing a pedestrian is an automatic case of homicide, you

find yourself immediately in jail trying to prove that you did not run down the victim intentionally or carelessly.

To be sure, not one American in 100 finds himself involved with the Mexican law, but the possibility is always there, and it keeps one on the defensive and continually flits around the back of one's consciousness. Take the matter of the dove. We were spinning along south of Hermosillo toward one of the dozens of roadside inspection stations that are the most prominent feature of Mexico's campaign to cut down on narcotics transport in the Olympic year. For North Americans, these stops are mere formalities, and usually one is waved on with a cavalier gesture or questioned briefly by smiling officials who quickly say, "Awkay, dawkey, you can gaw."

We had been running at about 75 mph on a straight stretch of highway marked for 62, and we had driven through an arrant flock of doves and heard the sickening thump of one of them careening into the roof line of the car and going to his maker in a puff of little gray feathers. Minutes later we were pulling into the check station and handing the official our car papers. He accepted the papers indifferently and pointed to the roof rack. "*La paloma*," he said.

"Comment?" I said. People in uniform always fluster me. He beckoned me to take a look, and I got out.

"*La paloma*," he said. I saw the dove jammed between the roof rack and the roof. His little head hung at a bizarre angle. A tiny streak of blood was on his beak. His eyes were flat and dry.

"*Si*," I said. "*La paloma*."

A Mexican highway policeman (Policia Federal de Caminos) sauntered over like Marlon Brando and joined our friendly discussion group. "*La paloma*," he said, pointing to the bird.

"*Si*," I said.

"*Muerta*," he said.

"*Si*," I said. What else could I say? He had stated the facts with admirable clarity: the victim was a dove and he was undeniably, irrevocably dead. I had killed him, unintentionally, of course, but it was an open-and-shut case of dove slaughter.

"You drive fast?" the highway cop said.

"No," I said. "Of course not. Not at all. I am a slow driver."

"Then how you keel *la paloma*?"

"I don't know," I said. "I guess I just caught up with him." Now isn't that a hell of an answer, I said to myself. I should get 10 years in the federal penitentiary just for that stupid answer.

The men in uniform circled slowly around the car, their faces in deep thought. Probably figuring out the charge, I said to myself. At the very least they would get me for hunting without a license, or out of season.

Finally the other official handed back the car papers. "Awkay, dawkey," he said, "you can gaw."

continued

The highway cop got in a parting shot. "You keep driving that slow," he said, "and you weel have cow on the roof."

"Si," I said. "*Buenos noches*." It was 11 o'clock in the morning.

Thereafter, speed was on my mind every second. Speed has to be on your mind every second when you drive in Mexico. From the border, the run to Mexico City takes a minimum of four days from the western entrances or two from the eastern, but only if you snap right along at normal U.S. cruising speeds of 60 and 70. If you obey the posted Mexican speed limits to the letter, it will take you almost as long as Cortes to get to the capital city. We found speed limits of 37 mph on straightaway stretches of desert road. We drove through school zones marked for 6 mph. "I love kids, too," my wife said, "but this is ridiculous!" The entire town of Guaymas is zoned for 18 mph, which doesn't seem too slow until you try to drive through the entire town of Guaymas at that speed.

The point is, you have to break the laws. The Mexican mind understands this. The Mexican mind also understands that the speed laws are almost 100%, unenforced. The worst that can happen is that a local cop will stop you and you will have to pay something between \$1 and \$4 on the spot. This is his *moraleja*, his bite, and it is the way he supplements his meager salary. You Chicanos will understand. It is wise to save your righteous indignation for the United States; if you indignantly refuse to pay a *moraleja*, the chances are you will go to jail while the cop searches out a judge, who might be a week or two away on a traveling circuit.

It is the nature of the Mexican highways, rather than the speed cops, that governs one's speed. At any second a farm animal might blunder across the road; there is no national fencing law in Mexico. Slow and unlighted vehicles abound. Overloaded trucks wind up mountain passes at two and three miles an hour, leaving long smoke screens in their wakes. And pensive drivers, suffering from the dread "Rodriguez effect," are to be found on every stretch of road.

The Rodriguez effect, named for the famous road racers, brought the concept of speed to a country that needed speed as the British needed the hoof-and-mouth disease. We first encountered the Rodriguez effect in the jungle country near Tepic, where lizards as big as dachshunds poke their heads out of the undergrowth and stack out their forked tongues at you as you drive by. We came up behind a pair of Mexicans in an old clunk doing about 35 mph, and without even thinking I swung out to pass. A minute later all I could see in the rearview mirror was a floppy mustache and 1,000 candlepower of gritted teeth. The Mexican tailgated me for about five minutes and then came hurtling around my car on a blind curve, fenders flapping, smoke pouring from his exhaust like the battleship *Massowé* and steam flowing from his exposed radiator cap.

Having passed, he slowed down to his customary 35 mph and gave me the pleasure of following him across about three miles of kinky mountain road while he fumigated the countryside with his exhaust.

Not a second before the secondary symptoms of asphyxiation set in, we saw the driver stick out his arm in the traditional signal for a left turn. Then he slowed and made a sharp right onto a dirt road. As we passed he gave us a crisp little salute: one hot driver to another. It was the same salute that von Richthofen used to give to the men of the Lafayette Escadrille.

No one should go into the interior of Mexico without some sort of road log or tip sheet on motel and hotel accommodations, road conditions, best routes, local customs and such matters, and ours was provided by our friendly insurance man, Dan Sanborn of McAllen, Texas, who prides himself on having logged every mile of paved Mexican road and gives the logs gratis to his customers. The only trouble is that no road log, whether it be Dan Sanborn's excellent ones or the AAA's or whosoever's, can give you the true feeling and flavor of any given stretch of road in Mexico. For proof, I offer a typical segment of a Sanborn log (this one on the road from Morelia to Toluca):

- "120½ Down thru community of San Agustín.
- 121½ Right and up thru more pines.
- 123 Now out of the pines and thru some nice ranching country.
- 124½ Pass side road (left) to El Oro and thru village of Villa Victoria. Then ahead on straight up-and-down road.
- 130 Old Hacienda La Esperanza up at right.
- 135¼ Note famed mountain Nevado de Toluca (15,000 feet) ahead in distance—an ex-volcano.
- 136 Village of Taberillas over to right.
- 142½ Curve left thru village of El Yukon, then right.
- 149 Curve left past another side road (right) to Valle de Bravo—45 miles.
- 149½ Village of San Luis Mexitepec and pass side road (right) to Zimacantepec.
- 150+ Stop here for customs check—will ask to see your car permit."

Now see how that log contrasts with a *realistic* log made up by my wife and me as we drove south of Cuicuilán one morning:

- "1½ Pass through village of Duranguito avoiding east end of westbound male jutting across place where center stripe would be if road had a center stripe.
- 1¾ Swerve car violently to avoid drop-off at right. Avoid swerving too far to other side of road: pothole.
- 2 Slow to 35 mph out of respect for and fear about roadside cross designating fatal accident at this spot.
- 2½ Slow more to avoid truck parked on highway while driver takes stroll into woods.
- 3 Resume normal speed as roadside cross fades from memory.

4½ Slow for hole in road. There are holes in all Mexican roads, but this is really a hole.

5½ Resume normal speed.

6 Slow as horse crosses road ahead.

6½ Slam on brakes as horse decides didn't want to cross road in first place.

7 Resume normal speed.

7½ Slow for chicken crossing the road.

7½ Resume normal speed but keep eye on bicyclist on left side of road who will swerve toward car as you pass."

And so it goes: every mile an adventure. The belly-bloated bodies of cattle that have passed away unexpectedly lie in ditches along the road like huge russet balloons. Vultures pick at them (this is the best place in the world to be a vulture), and hawks dip in for a share. Coyotes tear off steaks and chops, overeat and are turned themselves into buzzard fare by speeding cars. The monstrous ravens and red-beaked vultures can almost always be trusted to fly off the road just before you reach them. *Almost always.* I knew of a man who liked to see how close he could come to buzzards before they flapped away. One day he drove at 70 mph toward a vulture gorged with rattlesnake meat and wiped out the windshield of his Cadillac Eldorado.

"That is exactly why the Mexican highway police do not have to enforce the speed laws," says Carlos Gutierrez V., president of Continental Tours, a Mexico City travel agency. "The laws are enforced by nature. If you speed in Mexico, sooner or later you will be in trouble."

Veteran Mexican hands have worked out a set of informal rules for approaching roadside animals. "There are key things to remember," says a travel-wise American. "Like the fact that cattle lie on the highways at night to soak up the heat of the asphalt. And the fact that pigs are nimble, as nimble as lambs if they choose to be."

"A pig can give your car a harder time than a cow," says Carlos Gutierrez V. "A cow will just stop you cold—bang! crash! and it's over—but a pig is a bag of grease, and that low mass has a tendency to roll your car over. And the pig is more unpredictable. But remember this whenever you approach any animal on the highway: if he has his head down, you have a few seconds. By the time he lifts his head and decides to walk in front of your car, you can slow down or swerve. But if the animal has his head up, look out! He can move into you in a second, and that may be just what's on his mind."

And what do you do if you hit an animal? "You drive away as fast as you can," says an American expatriate living in Monterrey. "Technically, the farmer is wrong and you're in the clear, but all kinds of things can happen. A friend of mine ran over a goat and reported it to the farmer. The farmer wanted 100 pesos, about \$8. My friend said, 'Why, your damned goat had no right to be on the highway!' The Mexican said, 'Why not? Where were you going?' My friend said, 'To San Luis Potosí.' So was my goat!" the Mexican said, and my friend finally paid off."



A Mexican police official had the last word on the subject of cattle and American drivers: "I understand natural selection and the Mendelian laws, señor, and this subject puzzles me greatly. The stupid cows are getting killed off one by one, and you would think they would breed up a new species that would not step in front of cars. The same with North Americans. The dumb ones kill themselves off. And yet there are always more. God seems to make an infinite supply of dumb gringos and stupid cows!"

The *norteamericano* should be aware that accommodations vary. We stayed at highway motels that looked like discarded sets from *Bonnie and Clyde* and at others that were lavish by any standards. But the service is always unpredictable and so are the facilities. We enjoyed the Tres Rios Motel in Culiacán, with its beautiful gardens, its immaculate dining room and its soft beds, but we showered under ice water. "We used hot water in 10 minutes," the girl at the desk said. She kept saying it all night. We were also puzzled by the admonition on the back of the door: "Visitors of opposite sex to that of room occupants are not permitted in the guest's room after 10 p.m."

"Where will I go?" my wife said.

We were even more puzzled by the sign in the motel Camino Real at Guadalajara, a plush \$20-a-day facility that can match the best motels in the United States. "The hotel is not responsible," the sign said, "for the values left in the room."

At the Camino Real, I enjoyed a heart-to-heart talk with one of the locals about the coming Olympic Games.

"What about the Olympics?" I said.

"What about the Olympics?"

"Is everybody excited about the Olympics?" I asked.

continued

"Everybody is excited about the Olympics," he said.

"What are they saying about it?" I asked.

"They are saying about it," he said.

I began to smell a *ruido*. "Excuse me," I said. "Do you speak English?"

"No," he said. "*No hablo*."

I was reminded of this man later when a sarape peddler approached our car at a gas station near Mexico City. "Tell me," I said, "what do you think about the Olympics?"

"Oleempeeks?" he said. "What ees (Oleempeeks? You wan' buy sarape?"

The simple unvarnished truth is that the average Mexican is utterly bored by the subject of the Olympic Games. He is not going to make any money from the event, nor see it, nor contribute anything toward its occurrence. He has nothing to contribute and little interest in the individual contests of the Games. But if you want to get your ears talked right off your head, mention another coming international event to the average Mexican: World Cup soccer in 1970, to be played in the giant Aztec Stadium in Mexico City. "That is just the way it is," a sophisticated Mexican explained. "Every one of my countrymen plays fútbol, but very few vault the pole."

As the time of the Olympics approaches, Mexicans seem to be converging on the nation's gas stations, there to lie in wait for the fat-cat gringos the way Billy the Kid used to lie in wait for the midnight rattler out of Durango. This is the closest the average Mexican will come to making money off the Games, and it is sad to report that there are certain service stations along the main highways that are staffed with brigands who would do credit to a Willie Sutton. They will pump rotgut gasoline into your car from a pump painted the bright yellow reserved for the best Mexican gasoline: Pemex-100. And you will not know about the switch until you get 20 miles down the road and the engine starts complaining. They will short-change you and convert your dollars to pesos at an outlandish (and illegal) rate. If you ask them to check the oil, they will push the dipstick an inch short of all the way in, and "fill" your crankcase from empty cans. They will neglect to turn the handle backward on the gas pump, and before they put a drop in your tank you will owe for six gallons. There is one station in Culiacán that specializes in this technique, and I fell for it. A pretty dark-skinned girl in tail-twitcher slacks engaged me in conversation about checking the oil while one of the bandits began pumping gas. Our tank has a capacity of 16 gallons and it had not been empty when we stopped, but the pump rang up a total of 18 gallons. We paid for it. At El Gallo *gasolinera* south of Hermosillo, the attendant shortchanged me by 10 pesos, and when I demanded the difference he smiled wilyly and handed over the missing note, tucked into the palm of his hand. His manner said that it was all a game, and why get excited? You *don't* get excited. But you pay

attention and take Dan Sanborn's advice: "Watch everything that goes on in a Mexican gas station, and don't let them work on both ends of your car at the same time."

Happily, Mexico's gas-station grifters are not representative of the people as a whole, and the government has done an efficient job of cutting down on the traditional hustlers and cons in this Olympic year. "The American who goes down there expecting to get robbed or cheated any minute is no longer reacting realistically," says border insurance man Colbert Glenn, "and furthermore he's not going to enjoy all the wonderful things that Mexico has to offer."

"But there is a certain kind of American who takes the attitude that everyone is out to get him," says old Mexico traveler Hector Villarreal, "and, boy, how the Mexicans hate that attitude!" The ugly American seems to abound in Mexico, perhaps because the traditionally low Mexican prices attract a traditionally low type of tourist.

"The Americans are always the loudest ones in any restaurant or public place down here," says an expatriate, "and you get so sick and tired of them looking down on the Mexican from the great impetuous height of their wisdom, asking questions like, 'How much is that in real money?' and 'What the hell's the matter? Doesn't anybody speak English around here?' People like that should be sentenced to spend the rest of their lives ordering dinner in Spanish in Decatur, Illinois!"

Just when you think you have learned something about getting around in Mexico, you reach the limits of Mexico City and discover that you are a hopeless nincompoop. Nothing in your driving experience will prepare you for Mexico City. "Never again will any man discover a place like this," one of Cortes' soldiers said as he gazed down on the place for the first time, and you will have exactly the same feeling. Mexico City has seven million citizens, making it the largest Spanish-speaking city in the world, and sometimes it seems that Mexico City also has seven million streets, no two of them parallel, lighted or marked. You must enter Mexico City with a map at the ready, and not a mere map of the major streets alone but maps showing each section of town in microscopic detail. Otherwise, like Mrs. Bernard Diederich of the Lomas section of Mexico City, you may head some morning for the supermarket, get in the wrong lane on the *Periférico* (belt highway) and take 2½ hours to find your way back.

If your first arrival in Mexico City is at night, you will wish you were dead. We plowed into town at about 8 p.m. and spent one hour getting into the middle of the city on the Reforma—the Broadway of Mexico City—in the most ferocious dog-eat-dog traffic jam I have seen since the start of the 1964 Indianapolis 500. Having made our way to the middle of the city, we then took a solid two hours to get to our midtown motel. (Later retracing

continued

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ROAD TO MEXICO *continued*

our route on a detailed map, we discovered that we had passed within two blocks of our motel at least a dozen times before finding the exact combination of one-way streets, multiple right turns and violations of the law necessary to reach it.)

Mexico City drivers have the arrogance of the Germans, the slapdash nonchalance of the Italians, the piqued pride of the French, the bumbleheadedness of the English and sometimes the high skill of the Japanese drivers. They zip in and out of the six lanes of the Reforma like race drivers, cutting you off, tailgating you and then holding up their clenched fingers at you as they go by (this is an obscene gesture in Mexico City and no further details may be provided). "They'll bully you to death," says an American who now lives in Mexico City. "and the only way to handle them is to bully them back. If you hesitate, you're through. You've got to have guts. Close your eyes and step on the gas, the way they do."

Compounding the problem of finding one's way in Mexico City is that old bugaboo: Mexican pride. "There is not a single living Mexican who will admit he doesn't know where someplace is," says Bernard Diederich. "They'll always give

you instructions if you ask, and once in a while they'll be right."

The mind boggles at what this frantically crowded city will look like at Olympic time. For three or four years now Mexico City has been the toughest ticket in the hemisphere for the tourist. "Mexico did not have the big budgets for travel advertising," explains Carlos Gutierrez V., "and the word got out slowly. But about 1963 or 1964 everyone suddenly discovered Mexico, and the city has been full ever since."

Mexico City stays perpetually behind the boom. Seven major hotels are being built, but only three of them will be ready by Olympic time. One suspects that the World Cup in 1970 is the real incentive. A subway is being dug under the middle of the town (with the assistance of the French), but it, too, will be unfinished by the time of the Olympics. There are varying theories on what will happen when tens of thousands of track and field fans converge on the already bursting city. "Chaos is what will happen!" says one Mexican official who, like almost all Mexican officials, declines to be identified. "Look out my window at the Reforma. It is chaos this morning, is it not? Imagine it at Olympic time!"



Mexican Olympic officials have already planned to turn back all North American drivers who show up at the border without confirmed Mexico City reservations and Olympic tickets. "And still they will come," says a harassed Olympic planner. "They will claim that they are driving down to Veracruz for a little vacation, and once they cross the border they'll head right for the Olympics. I feel sorry for them. There will be no place for them to stay. Every hotel in town has been booked for months."

Carlos Gutierrez V. takes a more optimistic approach. "You have to understand Mexico," he says. "We kid about you people from the United States, but deep in our hearts we like you very much. Now here is what will happen when your cars start arriving in Mexico City for the Olympics and the people have no place to stay. They will encounter instant hospitality. The people of Mexico City will open their doors to them. In fact, I will make a prediction. The impulsive North Americans who jump in their cars and drive down to the Olympics at the last minute will be the ones who enjoy the Olympics the most!"

"Yes," echoed Dan Sanborn from his offices in McAllen, Texas, "but they'd better be able to roll with the punches. Any old ladies better stay home!"

If you decide to be one of the adventurers who drive to the Games, listen to a final word of caution: Mexico City urehins, who used to be merely larcenous, have now turned enterprising. One of the street-corner services they provide is to repaint your car while you shop at the supermarket. They spray the paint from Flit guns, and they can make a 1957 Chevrolet look like a 1958 model in about 15 minutes. So be careful when a boy walks up and mutters something that sounds like, "Wash your car?" or "Watch your car?" He might be saying, "Paint your car?" There are some tragic stories about brand-new 1968 American Belshires that got turned from beige to purple while the owners shopped for cornflakes.

We are back home now, and our friends say that purple isn't so bad, once you get used to it.

END

KEN'S SPORTING



"New shipment of 'Sweet Shots', I imagine!"





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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by PETER CARRY

AMERICAN LEAGUE

During its month-long May slump, Washington (5-1) sent young slugger Mike Epstein, who was averaging just .095, down to Buffalo to work on his hitting. After 10 days on the farm, where he batted .400 with five homers, Epstein was recalled last week and his return was just what the Senators needed. The first baseman's two-run homer won his first game back in the majors and set the Senators off on their best week since April. CLEVELAND'S (5-2) pitching was once again excellent as the Indians allowed only 12 runs all week. Luis Tiant finally established himself as the ace of that select staff by winning his eighth and ninth of the season. Norm Cash, who heard nothing but boos all last year and during the early weeks of this season in DETROIT (5-3), finally was cheered as he hit a game-winning three-run homer one night and added two more the next to help the Tigers build a 3½-game lead. MINNESOTA (4-3) relied heavily on its star relievers, Ron Perranoski and Al Worthington. Perranoski collected his fifth victory and Worthington scored two more saves to bring his league-leading total to 12. With Onide hitters averaging just .188 for the week, BALTIMORE (3-4) won only the games in which Jim Hardin, who is now 7-2 for the year, and Dave McNally held the opposition to one run or less. Even with 1967 ace Jim Lonborg making two more scoreless relief appearances, Boston's (3-4) chances for a successful league title defense were fading fast. The Red Sox finished the week 8½ games from the lead and only a half game out of the second division. CALIFORNIA'S (3-5) Jim Fregosi is one hitter who believes hard work will overcome the pitchers' big advantage this year. The Angels' shortstop felt a slump coming on, took three

strenuous hours of overtime batting practice and immediately came up with an eight-game hitting streak and a .419 BA for the week. NEW YORK (4-4) was shut out twice, but in the rest of its games enjoyed solid hitting. As Roy White led the way with a .345 BA, the Yanks scored 29 runs to tie their most productive week of the season. Young Outfielder Rick Monday of OAKLAND (2-4) averaged .370 and joined a fast disappearing breed by becoming one of only three .300 hitters in the league. As CHICAGO (1-5) fell back into the cellar, the blame for the decline was easy to place—White Sox batters scored an average of just 1.6 runs in a week when the team played five one-run games and lost them all.

Standings: Bal 20-20, Clea 22-24, Bos 20-24, Min 28-22, Det 26-28, Oak 25-28, NY 28-28, Wash 24-30, Cal 15-32, Chi 22-30

NATIONAL LEAGUE

ST. LOUIS' (6-2) hitters suddenly began looking like the sluggers of 1967 as they averaged .290 and scored over five runs a game. Led by Curt Flood (.371 for the week) and Orlando Cepeda (.375), the Cards opened up a two-game lead. In their most muscular display, they scored 10 runs after two were out in one inning against the Reds to turn what looked like an 8-0 loss into a startling 10-8 win. Although Don Drysdale was the main attraction (page 20), Claude Osteen was another big winner for LOS ANGELES (7-0). The left-hander threw two shutouts and, along with hitters Tom Haller (.467 for the week) and Wes Parker (.378), was the brightest star in a Dodger surge from seventh to second. NEW YORK (4-2), which has a 148-366 road record since 1962, showed signs of changing that dismal pattern. The Mets combined the tight pitching of their

young staff with the hitting of Jerry Grote (.368 for the week) and Ed Charles (.316) to win four of six games away from home. Even reliable Henry Aaron has not been hitting (.253 for the year), so ATLANTA (3-3) has been forced to rely on its pitchers. With Ron Reed slumping and last year's ERA champ Phil Niekro bombed from seven runs in one game, veteran Ken Johnson moved in and took up the slack with two victories. After starting the week with three wins to move into second PHILADELPHIA (2-4) went into a four-game nose dive when its pitching allowed 18 runs and fell back to sixth. CINCINNATI (4-3) got a boost when Gary Nolan, the 1967 rookie star who came up with a sore shoulder this spring, threw a three-hit shutout in his second start since returning from the minors. SAN FRANCISCO (3-4), which lost six of its last 10 games, had even worse problems in the front office. The Giants played one game before 3,018, the smallest crowd ever at Candlestick Park, then became involved in a hassle with the Mets over whether they should cancel lucrative Bell Day in memory of Senator Kennedy. The game was postponed, but the Giants made it clear that they would have preferred to play it. With Jim Bunning and Bob Veale on losing streaks, PITTSBURGH (2-5) turned to Steve Blass, who pitched his first complete game of the year, and rookie Bob Moose for its only victories. HOUSTON (1-6) was shut out twice and scored only six runs in its six defeats as the Astros fell back into the cellar. CHICAGO (1-5) was also shut out twice, but the real villains in the Cubs' drop from fourth to seventh were the pitchers, who averaged less than three innings apiece.

Standings: Bal 13-23, LA 18-26, NY 25-27, SF 20-28, Cal 17-28, Phi 15-25, Cin 28-28, NY 24-29, Pitt 21-29, Hou 22-32

HIGHLIGHT

In early May a Cincinnati reporter wrote that the Giants' Juan Marichal, who then had a 4-2 record and a poor 1.90 ERA, was finished. When asked about it, San Francisco's right-hander smiled and replied, "Well see about that in October." Marichal's timing was way off. It is only the beginning of June, but already, as a hardy of other pitchers have grabbed the headlines with shutouts and astonishingly low ERAs (page 20), the big Dominican quietly has become the major league's first 10-game winner. In winning six in a row to run his record to 10-2, Marichal lowered his earned run average by more than a run with the same combination of variety and control that has made him a 20-game winner in four of the last five years. The 310,000-a-season ace has more pitches and deliveries

than a carnival barker, and he hits the strike zone with every one of them. Over the past two weeks Marichal has won three games, once relying mainly on his screwball, another time on his fastball and a third time on a possum of curves, sliders, screwballs and fastballs. Despite the variety of his pitches he has walked just 14 men in 119½ innings. "It's amazing," said the Braves' third baseman Cleo Boyer, "but he always seems to be able to pick up the corner with a curve, even when the count's 3 and 0." Marichal's tight pitching has brought his record to a par with his 1966 year, when he enjoyed his best season ever with a 23-6 mark. He has done this while getting his rest on hotel floors—a bad habit keeps him off beds—and catching his breath wherever he can—air conditioning and open windows both bother him. Now, if he should remain unhealthy through October...



SP'S MARICHAL: HEADS FOR 20 WINS

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

POOR PUBLIC

Sirs,

Concerning the article *Pro Football Faces a Delay of Game* (May 27), Americans have traditionally derided the kid who takes his ball home when he doesn't get his way. The Players' Association is now threatening not to play if they don't get their way. If they and the owners were the only ones to be affected by the prospective strike, it might not matter much. However, since almost all of the players could find other employment and since most of the owners are rich enough to forgo football for a time, it seems as though the public (as in most strikes) will be the chief victim.

The players' demands may very well be valid, but they owe it to the public to continue playing football while they are negotiating. The players should remember that the fans, not the owners, are actually paying their salaries.

BRUCE LUKONAVICH

Detroit

Sirs,

I think the NFL players are going about their demands for increased benefits in the wrong way. They want to become partners with the owners who have worked very hard to build their franchises up to where they are today. The same goes for the owners who worked hard to make their money in other ventures before they bought their teams. Just because someone is making a lot of money on his team doesn't give the players the right to expect him to split up all the profits with them.

We run a semipro football team, and a good year for us is when we lose less money than the previous year. I can appreciate what the owners went through before the big TV money. If the players are entitled to more money, they should go about getting it in a more dignified way, and do it by bargaining on an employer-employee basis.

MAX EVENSON
President, Plainfield
Red Oaks Football Club

Plainfield, N.J.

RED ROSE

Sirs,

I have been an avid reader of your magazine for three years, and I have to say that William Leggett's article on Peter Rose was one of the best I have read (Charles Harrel *Gives Twelve Dollars on the Dollar*, May 27). Rose is indeed a throwback to the old-time ballplayer and will probably be one of the few major leaguers to bat over 300 and get 200 hits this season.

MIKE PETERSON

Hammondspoint, N.Y.

Sirs,

I don't mean to doubt you, but it seems strange to me that one of baseball's all-time great hitters, Ted Williams, was not listed among those who have knocked out 200 hits in each of two or more seasons. I'm not sure, but it seems that a batter like Williams would have had at least two 200-hit seasons.

PETER HICKLING

Woodbury Heights, N.J.

● Williams never did hit the 200 mark. He came close in 1940, with 193 hits, and again in 1949 when he had 194 hits and led the American League in home runs (43) and two-base hits (39). It is worth noting, however, that Williams shares the AL record for 100 or more bases on balls for the most (six) consecutive years and holds the major league record for the most intentional walks in one season (33 in 1957). ED

Sirs,

I very much enjoyed your article on Red Rightfielder Pete Rose. You did a magnificent job of summing up the parts that go together to make up one of the most colorful ballplayers of this or any other day. But you neglected to give credit to one of the great contributing forces in Rose's development, his high school baseball coach, Mr. Paul Nohr, in his 14 years as baseball coach at Western Hills High School, turned out as many major league ballplayers as have been produced at any high school in the country. He has sent eight players to the majors and there are several more now playing on minor league clubs.

STU GRAFF

Cincinnati

ASSAULT AND BATTERY

Sirs,

You might call this another chapter in the history of the "Decline and Fall of the Baseball Empire." This is the year that has seen the empire expanded once again in an effort to find new fans rather than to improve the product to win back the old ones. This is the year that has seen an alarming increase in the number of sub-200 hitting averages and an even more alarming increase in the number of batters hit by pitches.

The real irony of the Don Drysdale incident (*The Giants Find It Tough*, June 10) is not that the umpire invoked a practically never-called rule of the game and, thus, protected Drysdale's fifth shutout. It's the fact that, while the pitchers have been having things, entirely their own way, largely

through the use of the beanball, the umpire has said, "Don't look to me for help. The pitcher is the boss." It is my considered opinion that the archaic rule of "Let the batter beware" should be stricken from the rule book. While it is true that the batter will, by the instinct of self-preservation, try to avoid the ball thrown by the pitcher, he should not have to. The rule book protects the plate from being encroached upon by the batter. It should not, at the same time, grant the pitcher encroachment rights into the batter's area.

ALEX C. SHERMAN

Chico, Calif.

EAST AND WEST

Sirs,

I'm glad to finally see a sports magazine recognizing the true greatness of Dave Patrick and the Villanova track team (*A Real Shot at Mexico City*, June 3). Both the U.S. and the Irish Olympic teams will have a number of Villanova runners on them, and this, I am sure, will greatly help their causes.

At the recent N.A.A.U. track meet held in Philadelphia, Patrick ran against some of the best milers in the country and won by six yards in 3:56.8. The Villanova team collected 63 points to second-place Maryland's 43. Erv Hall and Larry James won every event they entered. This includes Hall's upset victory over Roland Merritt in the 100 and the relays. Practically every time a Villanova victory came about, it broke an East or a meet record. Villanova acquired eight first-place finishes, five meet records and its ninth ICA title in 12 years. Surely a tribute to the great coaching of Jumbo Elliott.

Look out, Jim Ryan, Earl McCulloch, Charlie Greene, Lee Evans and the great West track teams.

CHRIS FIEDLER

Darby, Pa.

Sirs,

As an avid track fan I enjoyed your article on Dave Patrick. With or without a healthy Jim Ryan, Patrick is definitely a threat at 1,500 meters. However, I feel that there are four trackmen from the University of Oregon who pose just as large a threat. The runners and their times for the mile are: Dave Wilborn (3:56.2), Roscoe Devore (3:57.2), Arnt Kvalheim (3:58.5) and Wade Bell (3:59.8).

In addition, there are four other runners on the Oregon team with times under 4:05. I am quite sure no other college can boast such a field. All but Kvalheim will be eligible for the U.S. Olympic Team. Bell, a graduate student, will go in the 800 meters with a best of 1:46.1 in the 880.

This year the University of Oregon swept

continued



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19TH HOLE *continued*

every rule event in which it was entered, including the first four places in the conference meet, without Kvalheim or Dostie, who had to sit out the college season because of injury.

If one outstanding runner from Villanova rates a feature article in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, should not four outstanding runners from the University of Oregon be given the same consideration, not to mention their coach, Bill Bowerman, who has developed more sub-four-minute miles than any other coach in the world?

STEVE WILLIAMS

Eugene, Ore.

MISSING THE BOAT Sirs,

It is always heartwarming to note mention of the Coast Guard Academy in a national magazine (*How's Somewhat But a Joke?* May 27). Too often, the Academy is forced to beg, not only for its physical needs but for recognition. Thanks for the space devoted to a most worthy institution.

R. S. TUNESKI

Lieut. Commander, USCG
FPO San Francisco

TOO OLD AND TOO NEW Sirs,

While the turbine-piston controversy was taking the headlines at Indianapolis (*Road Setback for the Jet Age*, June 10), an equally monumental battle was going on between the ubiquitous rear-engine cars and one traditional Indy roadster. While the rear-engine boys chased themselves trying to find at least 162 mph to earn their way into the starting field, Jim Hurtubise set out to qualify his home-built roadster, turning a lap over 166 mph in the process. Unfortunately, as Herk's famous hard luck would have it, that lap won't go into the record books as one of the fastest laps ever turned by a roadster at Indy—a brush with the wall cut off that qualification attempt. Two blown engines later, and running on a third engine built from salvaged parts, Herk got into the race. But then the half-wire engine failed on an early lap.

It was a beautiful, sad sight seeing that roadster roll into the pits, smoke billowing from the front end. Without the support of a Granatelli-style crew or a Colin Chapman engineering team, this one man, driver-builder-mechanic-promoter, had run with the best of them—but not long enough.

PAUL B. ARBOTT

Cincinnati

Sirs,

I suspect that Andy Granatelli won't enter the Memorial Day Race next year unless they call it the "Indy 450."

JOHN J. LYONS

Chicago

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